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THE NATIONAL
POLICE
NEXT WEEK
GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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A MAN UNDER THEIR BED.

HE WAS THE HUSBAND OF THE WOMAN WHO HAD DESERTED HIM, AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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OUR MAGNIFICENT SUPPLEMENT.

Pursuing the policy adopted last year, Mr. Richard K. Fox has determined to further increase the general attractiveness of the POLICE GAZETTE by offering four handsome supplements to its large corps of readers during the present year. All of them will prove the most finished examples of lithographic art, printed in ten glowing colors and, in every way, worthy of preservation. They are particularly designed to appeal to our patrons who are knights of the shears and razors, and those who keep resorts where prominent sporting lights are wont to congregate.

The first of these supplements will be issued with our next week's number, and every purchaser of No. 916 of the POLICE GAZETTE is entitled to a copy without extra charge. It is entitled "Which Wins?" and vividly depicts an interesting struggle between two ferocious bull-terriers, which takes place before a tonsorial establishment. One of the canines is the property of a handsome young Miss, who looks on in holy horror, while her pet is indulging in a most picturesque scrimmage with his adversary. This is pleasantly and cleverly contrasted by the amused expressions on the faces of the various and diversified types of males who witness the fight. These range from the audacious street urchin—who is doubtless whispering encouragement to both animals—to the most effeminate type of Gotham swell, whose indignation is well portrayed. The several patrons of the tonsorial parlor lend zest to the background. Most of them, in their excitement, have evidently forgotten their attire, for they are emerging into the street with their faces still bedaubed with lather. The whole group makes a most attractive picture and it has been splendidly portrayed by our artist. "Which wins?" is destined to attract general attention for its originality as well as its artistic execution.

MASKS AND FACES.

How Stars Spend the Money
of Their "Angels."

JOHNSTONE BENNETT'S FADS.

Two Actresses Out of an Engagement on
Account of Surplus Avoirdupois.

A JOKE PLAYED ON DELLA FOX.

Many an actress has achieved fame because she had an "angel." It makes talk and piques public curiosity. To be an "angel" one must have money to light cigars with. He must spend thousands where other men would think over a \$10 bill. He must have sublime faith in the histrionic ability of the object of his adoration. He must keep her in a perpetual shower of gold. As soon as the shower ceases, his reign as an "angel" is over. Howell Osborn, the young man who died a short while ago, leaving an annual income of \$80,000 for some one else to spend, ranked as the premier "angel" of the age. Howell's reputation was made in New York, London, Paris, Chicago and all the large cities of the two continents. Fay Templeton was the recipient of his favor. Paris is the queen city of theatrical "angels," and Mr.

To escape going to jail for this it was said at the time he paid between \$110,000 and \$120,000 to Mrs. Langtry's lawyers.

Afterwards the 'Squire acknowledged that even he couldn't afford to distribute many black eyes at such a figure.

Dolly Tester, a famous London concert hall attraction, married the Marquis of Allesbury in 1884. The Marquis was a famous spender among the demi-monde of London and ran through his fortune in short order. Subsequently he was ruled off the London turf for life for alleged dishonest practices.

'Squire Abington induced the Marchioness to run off with him, and then Allesbury posed as the indignant and dishonored husband.

It's something of a crime in England to decamp with a Marchioness, and the Squire was again in danger of going to jail. He succeeded in effecting a compromise with Allesbury at a cost of \$500,000.

At his death it is estimated that his career as an "angel" cost the Squire something in the neighborhood of six millions.

Young Clarence Brown, the son of a wealthy New York merchant, cut a wide swath in the Tenderloin about a year ago. He spent all of his money and all the money he could borrow, and then he ran up big debts. His career came to a close only when he stood upon the verge of financial dissolution.

Clarence, by his prodigality, earned the sobriquet of "The Duke." He was a figure in the flashy restaurants of the Tenderloin, and all the soubrettes and cheap actresses of the city were after him. He came into notor-

soubrette and I had a terrible row once, and we didn't speaking since."

Johnstone Bennett, the original American Jane, is an actress of many fads. Her principal one is cleanliness. "To be clean," she says, "is my creed. I like to radiate cleanliness around me," and from her manicured finger tips to her bay rum cropped head the masculine little woman is a living example of what she admires most.

Another fad is shirt fronts, and she cherishes a partiality for masculine vests and scant, plain skirts. She is also mannishly devoted to poker, and she will stake her entire company, costumes and all, and stay up all night when she gets particularly interested in this fascinating game.

A third fad is amateur photography, but this is so perfectly rabid a mania with the little comedienne just at present that she does not even dare to trust herself out of doors with the kodak for fear she will be tempted to snap it at the first acquaintance she meets.

There are two fairly well-known actresses frequenting the dramatic agencies just now who simply cannot get engagements.

Guess why. They are incompetent! No. They want too much salary? No. They clamor for star positions? No. They want an ironclad contract? No. Anyway, you'll never guess.

It is because they have grown too chubby—one might almost say fat. A woman can be as lean as a telegraph pole, and no manager will reject her, but once adipose, and it is a case of ta-ta. In the words of the immortal Sarah:

"La graisse perd la femme."

While Della Fox was playing at the Harlem Opera House recently Jefferson de Angells indulged in a "gag" that convulsed the audience. While he was dancing with Miss Fox he pulled one of her twenty diamond rings from her finger. The audience saw it and wondered. A little while later he dragged Miss Fox to the footlights and with a great deal of hesitation remarked:

"I beg your pardon, but I have a duty to perform. Your friends, wishing to testify to the esteem in which they hold you, beg to present you with this diamond."

And back went the ring.

New Yorkers are blind. They see nothing. They discover no truths. They are hit. They had Cissy Fitzgerald in their midst for goodness knows how long, and yet they at Chicago step in and reveal a most important fact in connection with the dancer. Yes, Chicago has discovered that Miss Fitzgerald "chews gum with the facial acrobatics of an American school girl."

Cissy was quite vexed at the journey to Chicago. She has a contract that stipulates she shall not travel for more than 24 hours at a stretch. It took her 36 hours to reach Chicago, and worse! The steam pipes in her stateroom burst, and she was almost drowned, she said. She told a Chicago reporter that she didn't know whom to sue, unless it were the one who would pay the highest damages.

Manager Wm. A. Brady is becoming unique as a producer of stage sensations. The latest "effect" under his management takes place in the bomb-throwing scene in Sutton Vane's latest melodrama, "Humanity," which Brady says is as great a success as Vane's "The Cotton King." Immediately after the throwing of the bomb the background becomes a mass of lurid light that throws into relief the crumbling structure, which tumbles with a terrific crash. The deafening shouts of the audience add to the confusion.

There'll be a terrible to-do when Daniel Frohman decides to produce Oscar Wilde's play, "An Ideal Husband," at the Lyceum Theatre. The dramat-

ist has been cruel enough to make his leading lady remark: "I am not permitted to wear diamonds," and of course a due respect for Mr. Wilde's feelings will prompt Mr. Frohman to enforce this rule. Even in London, though, it was disregarded. Maude Millett, who played the part, duly declared that she was not permitted to wear diamonds, but she had the front of her bodice plastered with them. One or two critics noticed this and Miss Millett was neatly gayer.

In New York, of course, the temptations to actresses to wear diamonds are even greater than they are in London. Mr. Frohman has an awful job before him, and he has the sympathy of his friends. There is not an actress in New York to-day who is not anxious to display as many of the gems as possible. Lily Hanbury of Beerbohm Tree's company, wears enough rings to stock a store, and every metropolitan theatre can make a most respectable diamond show.

Just now they are worrying themselves in Vienna whether real kissing should be allowed on the stage.

It appears that a jealous husband interfered, and such was the row kicked up that the opinion of a hundred well-known actresses of various nationalities was solicited.

They reported in favor of the real thing.

Sensible girls!

At a dinner party given in honor of Sybil Sanderson the other night the hostess turned to the prima donna and remarked:

"Do you know, Miss Sanderson, the jewels you wear in 'Manon' are the most beautiful I have ever seen."

"Oh, but those are stage jewels," cried Miss Sanderson. "Good heavens! You surely didn't think that they were real, did you? I should have had to be dreadfully naughty to have earned all those."

CAN'T BE BEAT! Our Colored Supplements are the best produced. Always new and up-to-date subjects. This year we give away **Four Free Supplements**. The first will be presented "Free" with Police Gazette No. 916, out Thursday, March 14th. Secure your copy by ordering it from your newsdealer in advance. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.



VARIOUS TYPES OF ANGELS.

ity by his infatuation for Fannie Ward, a soubrette who played the deep thinking parts, clad in tights, in various comic operas. She was of the petite order and was very friendly with Nina Farrington, Sylvia Gerish, Della Fox and other notables of the soubrette world.

"The Duke" showered diamonds and jewels of all kinds upon Miss Ward. He furnished expensive apartments for her and her mother. A fine brougham and team and a champagne supper always awaited her after the evening's performance. When the final smash came Miss Ward was surprised and indignant. Her disquiet culminated in a \$50,000 or \$100,000 suit for breach of promise. It is believed that the case has been settled.

Adele Ritchie had a peculiar kind of angel. His identity was never made known. He wanted to make a great star of Miss Ritchie, and was willing to spend any amount of money to realize his hopes. The company of which Miss Ritchie was the head toured the country with varying success. It traveled in royal style in parlor cars, putting up at the best hotels and drawing good salaries with clock-like regularity at the end of each week.

Not long ago Jennie O'Neill Potter met an actor who used to be her associate in a dramatic company. The actor, unlike Canning's knife-grinder, had a story to tell. He was wrecked on the reef of impecuniosity. He had a starving wife and three children, whom he expected to die at any moment. The condition of Orlando, who was a bachelor, when he approached the Duke's hospitable board in Arden Forest, was prosperity itself compared to this. Miss Potter, being a sympathetic soul and having just received her salary, hastily wept and thrust \$50 into the hand of her unfortunate friend. That evening she went with a party to Delmonico's for supper, and to her astonishment she discovered at a nearby table the starving actor drinking champagne with a soubrette.

"And," says Miss Potter bitterly, "I wouldn't a cared so much for the fifty, but the impudence of him! That

Osborn made that city shiver at the audacity of his expenditures.

Of the "angels" of the past, Frederic Gebhard ranked supreme in his adoration of Lily Langtry, the famed English beauty, once the pet of the Prince of Wales, and now touring this country without arousing any more than passing curiosity. How much Mr. Gebhard spent on the Jersey Lily no one knows, not even himself. For six years, from 1883 until 1889, she had everything that money could procure.

A mild estimate would be \$350,000. They had a private palace car, which Mr. Gebhard leased, and in it the Lily toured the country, going wherever she pleased. At Long Branch, in 1883, the summer colony displayed so much curiosity about this car that the Lily was obliged to cut short her stay.

Squire Abington had a fortune of \$50,000,000. Unlike most amateurs in racing, he made his stable pay, winning in seven years in purses alone about \$380,000. In bets he won double that sum. His infatuation for the Jersey Lily, while it lasted less than a year, was most costly. He gave her the steam yacht White Lady. With its gorgeous furnishings, this craft represented an outlay of \$175,000.

The most unique feature of his career with the Lily was once when he had been indulging freely in champagne. He had a row with her, and it was alleged that he so far forgot himself as to give her two black eyes.

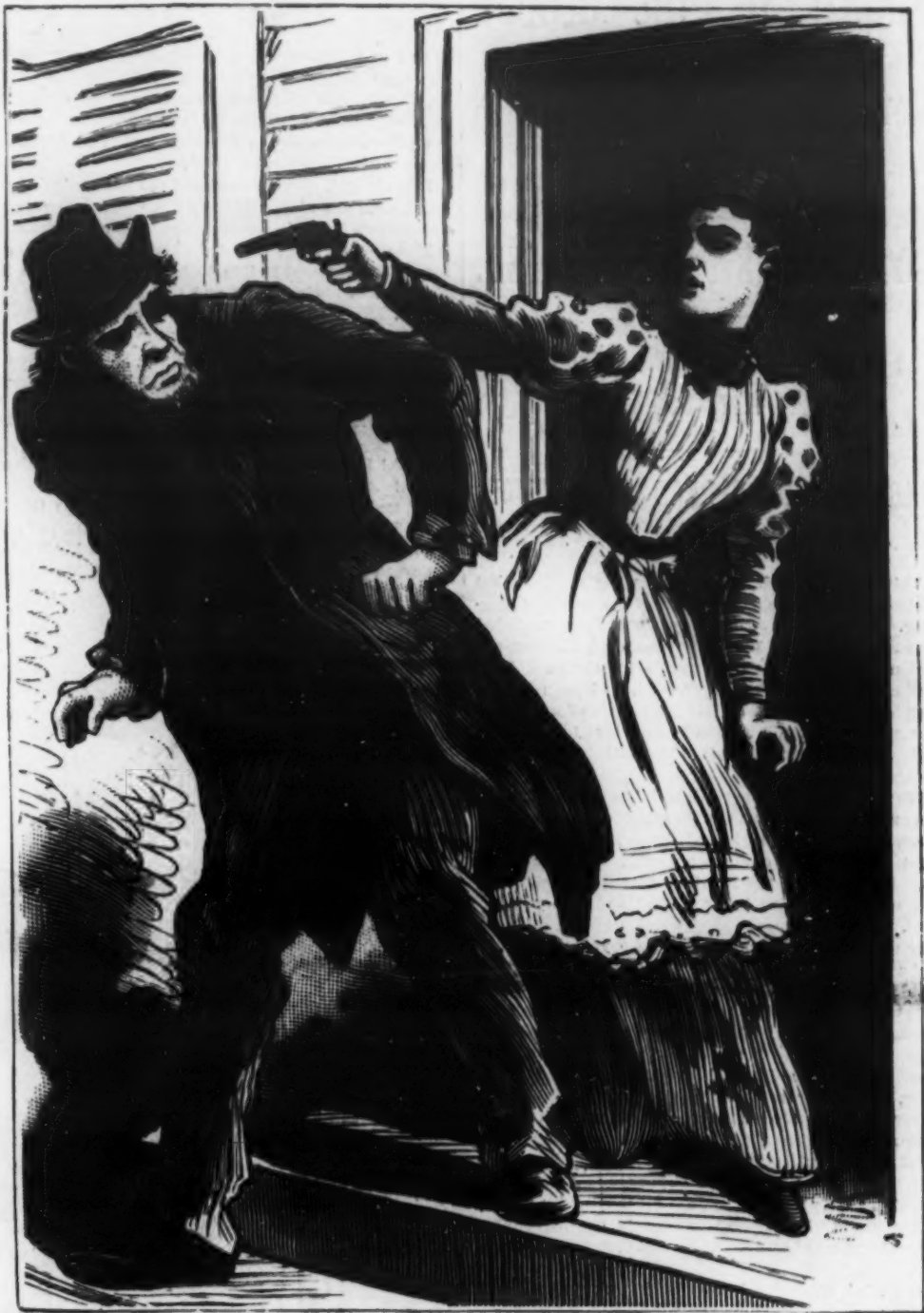
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**PAGES
MISSING
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AVAILABLE**



CAUGHT BY HER SKIRT.

MISS EDNA WEEKS WAS UNSEATED FROM A HORSE AND DRAGGED HEAD DOWNWARD FOR QUITE A DISTANCE, AT ISLIP, L. I.



A PLUCKY WOMAN.

MRS. GEORGE M'MILLEN OF ALTON, ILL., BRAVELY FORCES A BRUTAL BURGLAR FROM HER HOUSE AT THE POINT OF A PISTOL.



OBJECTED TO HIS SISTER'S BEAU.

BUT THE BIG BROTHER WAS WORSTED WHEN THE INEVITABLE CLASH CAME, AT BRIDGETON, N. J.

KISSES IN THE GLOOM.

How a Pair of Lovers Desecrated Holy Clubrooms.

BOTH OF THEM ARE MARRIED.

She Forgot Her Muff and That is How the Story Got Out.

HER FRIENDS SPREAD THE RUMOR.

This is the half-bad, half-good story the wailing wind whispered into the shell-like ear of the gurgling glug-glug. It is the story of the desecration of the sanctified club-rooms of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and Young Women's Christian Association in Aurora, Ill., by a bad, bad man and a naughty, naughty woman. It is the story of a muff—a warm, comfortable, furry muff—that went to sleep one night and found itself in seas of trouble bright and early the next day.

When the heavens, the earth and Aurora were created the muff, perhaps, was unthought of; but to-day—beautiful, progressive, twentieth-century to-day—it is most emphatically thought of, at least in the spicy little city down on the Burlington that lays claim to a sisterhood with Mrs. Aurora Borealis of the icy north-land.

The muff is thought of because, in the first place, it had a story that was flavored with naughtiness, spiced with Aurorian blasphemy, seasoned with the righteous wrath of an antiquated indignation and served by all socialdom and officialdom of the village, and because, in the second place, when it was aroused from its fateful slumber it departed from all precedents, all foremuffs' ways, and, under the terrible fright of breaking the eleventh commandment by being found out, made an explanation and brought shame and humiliation upon the club-rooms of the Women's Culprit Tempting Union and the Young Women's Chastening Association; brought envy to the hearts of the women and revenge to the hands of the godly and righteous merchants; brought wrath to a woman's head and censure to a man's ears.

And this is the story the muff told to slow music and blushes:

It is Saturday night. The queer, drear streets of Aurora are dimly-lit, semi-light, for the aristocratic electric lights are sparsely settled there, and as Tommy Tough and Susie Splinters nestle into each other's shoulders and hurry toward the ghastly little theatre at the end of the street the wailing wind tells the gloating glug-glug that trouble is brewing.

And now it is later, for it takes time to write so much and the blue little lights in a certain dry goods store, are beginning to snap themselves out of existence, and the two or three clerks pass out on the street and hastily hustle for the little cottage homes, where a hot biscuit and a cup of tea are waiting to be exchanged for the weekly stipend.

Now the plot begins to thicken as the buckwheat does as more of the flour is sifted in.]

The owner comes out of the front door of his little store. He turns the key in the lock and shivers a little as the wind whistles by to tell the glug-glug that the principal in the rural romance has appeared upon the scene. He buries himself a little deeper in the great warm coat that sobriety and hard work bought for him, and glances up and down the snow-clad streets. Anon he smiles, for a figure may be discerned in the frapped, frosty air, and now, as the round, delicate, delicious ankle of the Cissy Fitzgerald writhingly starts from the maze of bewildering skirts to slowly, steadily, surely grow from a faint, indistinguishable mass of somber black into that beautiful, glorious, matchless dimpled-knee limb to intoxicate the senses, so does the slender, black-garbed, graceful figure of a handsome woman start to slowly, steadily, surely, grow out of the mass of the black night to intoxicate the senses of the man who waits in the doorway that leads to the sacred clubrooms. Now she hurries on with short, quick steps, seemingly gliding down the walk. She crosses the street, steps into the tiny door and hastily leads the way up the steep and narrow stairs. Now the dry goods man opens another door with a private key, and they enter the sacred precincts of the clubrooms.

At this point the muff interrupts long enough to observe that the story is all the more harrowing, horrible and interesting on account of the lady's domestic relations and the gentleman's ditto, for behold, the muff said, he has a wife and three beautiful children, and she has a husband and two children, and the statement was corroborated by a beautiful and fascinating woman who owns the building where the dry goods store is on the lower floor and the joint clubrooms of the godly and righteous societies are directly above. More than this—she corroborated her corroboration by asserting that the gentleman's children are now down with the whooping cough; so, of course, her word could not be questioned.

Ah, it is so warm and so holy up there for these two. There is a little plaster of paris angel on the mantel; there is the subtle perfume of soap; there is the holy atmosphere of untainted young womanhood; there is christianized coal in the bucket and pure and unadulterated fire in the stove. It is so cozy, so warm, so alluring, so enticing, that the lady forgets about home and mother and sinks yielding into the gentleman's arms and, as the frost is kissed from her rosy cheeks and the snow is blown from her midnight hair, she pouts her wine lips and, with a rippling laugh of ecstasy, throws herself into his passionate embrace, and, as the plaster of paris angel blushed, the muff skipped a few hours.

The holy Sabbath day has dawned. The church bells are chiming as they sound over grocery stores and street cars and Rev. Dr. Despair is smiling urbanely at the pink-nosed Sunday school children and wondering where he will be invited to dinner. It is the holy Sab-

bath day in Aurora and the hens in the back yards are cackling and the Aurora saloons are closed.

It is time to open the clubrooms of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Young Women's Christian Association, and the clubrooms are opened. Blithe and gay, with easy consciences, sweetly singing "Tommy Atkins" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the fair-faced young Christian women are preparing for the matins or prayer meeting or gospel meeting, or whatever they do prepare for in Aurora, and the tinkle of the street car bell arises from the street.

It is a bright, cheery scene, and the knowledge of the great, good work being done by these sweet young girls and women for the ignorant heathen in far-off, unclothed Africa spreads beatific smiles over the daintily colored faces. It is so good to live to help others, so like the Nazarene of ancient days, and the girls are happy and joyous.

Now, the sunlight streaming in the frosted windows seems to pale a little, for one of the young women is approaching the chair where rests the muff.

And then—the discovery!

With horrified gaze and staring gray eyes she sees the thing!

Black! Immutible! Terrible! Accusing! As certain as creeds! As sure as fate. It is there, there, there—on a chair, and its glossy surface shimmers forth its tale of sin and crime. A scream of ecstasy, or, that is, of horror, and the pale, pallid, palpitating maiden holds aloft the dread thing! Another p. p. p. maiden observes the

one of the dear ladies, so that they could understand how good it was to be bad. However, they took the mayor's advice, and, after they had told the story to every one they knew, or thought they knew or ever expected to know, they adopted a resolution to say no more about it.

And they are not saying anything about it! That is, in a woman's way they are not. In the wordly way they are saying a very great deal about it, although more by the subtler method of suggestion than by garish words. They admit it all is true and refer the investigator to those who are not sworn to secrecy. The latter element is so large that it includes every one, from the cabbies or hackmen, as they are called in Aurora, to the little newspaper carriers. The waiters in the queer little restaurants, the boys on the corners, the clerks in the stores, the lawyers, the doctors, the merchants, the wives, school girls, parsons and peripatetic wanderers all know the story and are wildly anxious to tell all about it.

Some five years ago the man in the case was a poor clerk, but he gathered a few dollars together and opened a dry goods store. Competition is swift in Aurora, and if he would succeed he knew he had to antagonize some one, so he resolved to antagonize the merchants instead of his customers and he kept his store open at night. War was declared and a boycott attempted. The merchants started it, but he worked hard, kept sober and always managed to pay his rent, his bills and his respects to his customers and so laid away a few dollars.

The rival merchants were beaten, and so when the naughty story of his misdemeanor was brought home by their wives it was received with acclaim and hurriedly circulated in all walks of Aurora life.

The story he tells is that he has been persecuted by merchants through their wives, and, while he is no doubt guilty, there may be some little such animus.

There are many stories, of course,

Bartram looked and saw Daly's face with a clasp knife between his teeth.

Daly emerged and compelled Bartram and the woman to take off their night clothes and at the point of a revolver drove them into the cold hallway. Then he cut all of their clothes into ribbons and burned them in the stove. Two hours later he was arrested, but was released when he had told his story.

At the police station he left Bartram's watch, diamonds, jewelry and a fat pocketbook, which still remains unclaimed in the possession of the chief.

CAUGHT BY HER SKIRT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Edna Weeks, daughter of Edward Weeks a wealthy resident of Illip, L. I., was seriously injured, and came near losing her life a few days ago. She was returning from her customary afternoon ride on her favorite horse, when the animal shied and unseated her.

As she fell her skirt caught in the pommel of her saddle, holding her head downward between the animal's front legs. With her in this position the horse went galloping off around the grounds. She finally managed to loosen her skirt from the saddle, but as she fell she was trodden upon by the horse. She was picked up in a semi-conscious condition. She received many cuts and bruises, but it is believed she will recover.

WILLIAM BANNISTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William Bannister is perhaps the smallest and youngest football player in the business, and it takes some tall hustling to dodge him in a game. Bannister is credited with being one of the smartest forwards in the profession and has won for himself the sobriquet of "The Kid." He stands 5 feet 2 inches in height, weighs 113 pounds and is 20 years old.

OBJECTED TO HIS SISTER'S BEAU.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Lucy Orr, of Bridgeton, N. J., has a beau, Frederick Madden, of whom she is doubtless very proud. She likewise has a big brother, James. The big brother objected to the beau, but Miss Lucy preferred her Frederick, and thus came a clash which resulted tragically. When the big brother found Madden at their home, on Cedar street, he told him to get. Madden declined to get, and his sweetheart endorsed his sentiment. In the little unpleasantness that followed Madden knocked Orr down, cutting his head and face badly, and then threw him out of the door.

James sought a policeman to right his wrongs, but when he returned he found the house rocked against him. When he managed to get in he found neither sister nor beau. No one seems to know whither they have gone.

SHE KICKED TOO HIGH

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The condition of Miss Emma Roke, an employee of Smart & Co.'s hat factory, at Stamford, Conn., is stated to be very serious.

Several girls in the factory had been to a theatrical exhibition and were greatly fascinated by the high kicking. The next day the girls were imitating the tricks of the artist. An altercation arose between Miss Roke and another worker as to their

respective high-kicking abilities. A contest commenced when Miss Roke, who appeared to be the winner, hurt herself and had to be taken home. Her condition since has been extremely critical, and she is not improving.

JACOB DREIFUOS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jacob Dreifus is a successful newdealer of New York city. He is located at No. 106 Third avenue, where he dispenses literature to a large list of patrons. A good likeness of Mr. Dreifus appears in this issue. His invariable courtesy and affability have made him a general favorite.

A PRETTY MASKER FATALLY BURNED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. John Scanggaard, 24 years old, will probably die as the result of burns received while attending a masked ball at the South Side Turner Hall, at Chicago, Ill. Her costume was ignited by fire which was carried by one of the maskers, who was impersonating Mephistopheles.

FEMALE STUDENTS PLAY BASEBALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Rival teams of young women of the Northwestern University, at Chicago, Ill., played a baseball game recently in the gymnasium. The greatest excitement was manifest among the "co-eds," who, with the exception of Prof. Miller, were alone permitted to see them. Over fifty of them were present when the game was called. The players wore either sweaters or blouses, but all wore bloomers. With the score a tie at the end of the fourth inning, the girls decided to call it a draw.

Prof. Miller, of the gymnasium, said that the girls are practicing every day. There has been some talk of challenging the young women of other universities to games, but nothing will be done in that direction for some time.

Ever since Jem Smith was defeated by Ted Pritchard for the championship of England, he has been anxious to regain his laurels; but Pritchard has refused to arrange a match until last week when, according to a cable to the POLICE GAZETTE, a match was made in London for a finish fight at catch weight for £200 a side on May 10 next. £50 was posted, Pony Moore backing Pritchard and Jack Knifton finding the money for Smith. The Bollabroke Club has offered a purse.

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A WARM GREETING.

couch. It, too, is telling a story with its rumpled surface and its mussed quilt.

And now it all is public property, for when guileless, innocent, unworried young women discover such a naughty, naughty secret all the world must know.

The goodly president of one of the associations, whose saffron hue and advanced age suggests all sorts of wisdom, is hurriedly called. She removes her face from shawls and things and cautions caution.

The advice is good, for later in the day the indiscreet, the unwise, the unclever woman calls for her muff. Ha, the tale is true!

She is told to return on the morrow. She does and is tendered a reception by the shriekingly excited ladies, by the mayor who has good, hard, practical sense even if he does live in Aurora, and (by proxy) by all the dry goods merchants in town who have been neatly beaten in their game of boycotting the man in question, and were consequently most anxious to find out something about him which they could use as a battering ram against his property.

The lady broke down. She confessed. It was her muff and she didn't care. Yes, she had been blaspheming the sanctity of the club-rooms by consorting in them with a male friend. Oh, it was so deliciously horrible for the women, so amusing for the men.

The mayor advised the ladies, the good Christian ladies, to cool down their anger and then take some deliberative action.

The ladies were not looking for this kind of advice. They wanted to arrest the man, have him excommunicated from the city, have the woman tarred and feathered and written up in the newspapers, magazines and the Congressional Record, and made to tell the whole story of her delicious, or, that is, of horrible sin to every

but the half-bad, half-good story the wailing wind whispered into the shell-like ear of the gurgling glug-glug was the best, for it was the story of the muff, and the muff knew, for the muff was there.

CLAUDIE REVERE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Pretty Claudie Revere is the enticing subject of our theatrical page this week. Miss Revere is portrayed in one of her most picturesque poses, that sets off advantageously her very charming figure. Miss Revere is a young member of the theatrical profession who is sure to make her way to the front.

A MAN UNDER THEIR BED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Carroll S. Bartram, the city editor of the morning and evening Tribune, of Minneapolis, Minn., has disappeared. Edward Daly, of the same city, who has retired from what was once a profitable commerce in intoxicating liquors, had a charming wife, a fascinating brunette.

Bartram and Mrs. Daly met, fell in love with one another, and the woman left her husband to live with Bartram. A few nights ago Daly saw his wife leave Bartram's rooms. Daly entered the apartment and hid under the bed. He was there five hours. At midnight the couple returned. Before retiring Mrs. Daly suggested that it would be well to look under the bed.

RIGHT UP TO DATE! Our Sporting Hand Books. "Cocker's Guide," "Dog Fl." "Barter's Guide," "Card Player" and "Police Gazette Standard Sporting Rules." Mailed to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents each. All thoroughly illustrated. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

A FIGHT FOR WIFEHOOD.

Girl Declared Unwedded After Four Marriage Ceremonies.

HER CASE IN THE COURTS.

She Insists that She was Married to Her Husband Under an Assumed Name.

BUSINESS INTERESTS DEMANDED IT.

An application made to Judge Freedman, of New York city, by Thomas McAdam, for permission to amend the petition for divorce in the case of Maggie Pratt against Spencer Charles Pratt, brought to light some strange facts hitherto carefully guarded.

Mrs. Pratt is a tall, slender brunette, with an oval face, large, dark, expressive eyes, a small, daintily-formed mouth, and an exquisitely molded figure, which she carries gracefully and in a manner suggesting *haut-tour*. She was nineteen years old last month, and has had enough trouble to round out an ordinary lifetime. She is the youngest daughter of John Finnerty, who, in his lunchroom and saloon at 12½ Washington street, and by fortunate investments in real estate, has accumulated over \$100,000. He wanted all his children to be self-supporting, and Maggie became a typewriter and stenographer.

Then she answered an advertisement and obtained a position in November, 1891, in the office of Mr. Pratt, at 90 Warren street. He is in the wholesale butter business with his father, and it is said that he has an income of \$20,000 a year.

Mrs. Pratt alleges that she had been in the office but a few days when Mr. Pratt began to treat her in a familiar way. This she resented, and said that she would give up her place if he did not cease his attentions. He changed little, however, she says, and finally told her he loved her.

At that she ran home from the office, and it was when Pratt promised to annoy her no more that she returned to work, but he kept pouring his tale of love into her ears until he won her affections.

Mr. Pratt at this time was living with his wife and two children at 113 McDonough street, Brooklyn, N. Y., but Miss Finnerty says she did not know that he had a wife for a long time. Then she heard one of her friends speak of his wife, whereupon she taxed him with being married, and he admitted that he had been married, but said that he had secured a divorce and that his wife had afterwards died.

Finally, Mrs. Pratt says in her legal papers, Pratt induced her to agree to marry him without her parents' consent, and on May 2, 1892, he took her to Rahway, N. J. He said that his business interests and social relations required that the marriage be kept secret, so the woman says. He got her to wed him under a fictitious name. She wanted to be married in a Roman Catholic Church, but he would not agree to this, and a Lutheran minister was selected.

Mr. Pratt declared in the presence of the preacher, who has made an affidavit to the fact, that there was no legal impediment to the marriage, and the couple became man and wife, having given the names of Maggie Finley and Henry Spencer. They returned to this city and lived together secretly. Mrs. Pratt obtained a marriage certificate from the preacher with the fictitious names, and was happy in the belief that her husband would soon be in a position where he could announce the marriage to the world.

Before long, however, she grew dissatisfied and so, on June 14, 1892, they went to Bayonne City and were married in a Lutheran Church by the Rev. M. T. Hollis in the presence of James McCormack and Nellie Nelson, under the names of Finnerty and Pratt. The Rev. Mr. Hollis and the witnesses have made affidavits setting forth that Mr. Pratt declared in their presence that he was unmarried, and that there was no reason to prevent his marriage to Miss Finnerty.

A few days after this Mrs. Pratt returned to this city. She told her father, without her husband's knowledge, that she had married Mr. Pratt. Mr. Finnerty was angry, more because she had taken a Protestant than because she had married without his consent, and he ordered her to leave the house. She went home heart-broken, and begged her husband to publicly acknowledge her as his wife. He still made the excuse that he could not do so, and the girl went on with her work as typewriter under her own name in his office.

Her first intimation that she had been duped, she declares, came in the shape of a summons served upon her in a suit for divorce brought by Mrs. Pratt No. 1. In the petition Mrs. Pratt No. 2 learned that she had been made the co-respondent. There was no opposition to the divorce suit, and Mr. Pratt promised the woman he had deceived that he would marry her again when his first wife got her freedom.

The decree in this case was signed on Nov. 1, 1892, and Mr. Pratt was in a position to keep his word. In the latter part of the same month he took Mrs. Pratt No. 2 to Philadelphia, and they went through the common law form of marriage in the presence of witnesses who have sworn to the facts in the interest of Mrs. Pratt. They lived together as man and wife in Philadelphia for several weeks and then came to this city. When Pratt's family learned that he had married the girl whom they believed to be the cause of all his troubles, they tried to bring about a separation, but the man stuck to his wife for a while in spite of all opposition. After they had been living in this city about six months

Mrs. Pratt tried to obtain her father's forgiveness, and her father told her he would forgive her if she and her husband would be married in the Roman Catholic church. This proposition was accepted, and on July 4, 1893, a ceremony was performed in St. Bridget's Church.

This settled the trouble with the Finnerties, but widened the breach in Mr. Pratt's family, and, it is alleged, so much influence was brought to bear on the man that he abandoned his wife on Sept. 30, 1893.

The woman's father refused to care for her, and turned her out, and she obtained a place in the office of John I. Davenport as stenographer. Then she consulted Lawyer Robinson, who brought a suit for divorce. Soon after the summons had been served upon Mr. Pratt, however, the suit was abandoned, but another was started a few months later.

Mrs. Pratt had no money for lawyers, and so her case was not progressed rapidly. Finally she consulted Howe & Hummel, and they decided that the two marriages in New Jersey were void, because, at that time Mr. Pratt had a wife living, that the marriage in the Catholic church in this city was illegal, because Mr. Pratt was prohibited by the decree obtained by his wife from marrying here, and that the marriage in Philadelphia was illegal, because no license had been obtained. Then Mrs. Pratt sued Pratt in her maiden name for damages for breach of promise, betrayal and assault. This suit was not pressed.

Mrs. Pratt at last got Lawyer Henry M. Heyman to look after her rights, and he brought a suit to have her marriages declared void, as a basis for bringing a suit for damages against Mr. Pratt. This suit has been in court for several months, but the woman's motion for alimony, quietly made before Judge McAdam, was denied on the ground that the papers showed on their face that three of the marriages had been illegal. The fourth was not mentioned.

Mrs. Pratt was having a hard struggle to get along, and because of absent-mindedness she found it difficult to keep her position. Finally her father sent for her, and took up the fight in her behalf.

Lawyer McAdam, a brother of the judge of that name, was engaged, and the appli-

cation was for the purpose of having her bill amended, so as to make the fight for her rights as a wife upon the Philadelphia common-law marriage. Overtures for a settlement of the case upon an agreement to have the marriage declared null and void, and the payment of damages have been made by Mr. Pratt's agents, but Mr. Finnerty, at this late day, declares that the honor of his daughter is at stake. He does not want money, but does want his daughter recognized as a wife.

Mr. Pratt, in his answer to these allegations, recites the various contradictory suits brought by Mrs. Pratt under different names, and denies that there was any common-law marriage in Philadelphia. He alleges that these suits have been brought to force him to avoid unpleasant litigation by the payment of money. He claims that Miss Finnerty knew that he was married, and often saw his wife in his office, and alleges that she demanded money from him by letter, after starting the suits against him. He says that he is not wealthy, and that he is working for his father for \$25 a week.

The case will be called next week for trial, and the letters of Mr. Pratt to the woman will be a revelation in the literature of love.

young ladies typewriting at 106 West Sixty-first street, in New York city.

"Take elevator and ask for Mrs. Wheeler's flat, sixth floor," read the announcement.

Capt. Gallagher, of the West Sixty-eighth Street station, directed Officers Henry Lang and Frank Morris to investigate the matter. The policemen found that Mrs. Wheeler, a very handsome widow, had taken the top suite of apartments last December.

The house is in a good neighborhood and the rents are high. Mrs. Wheeler appeared to be a refined woman, and she experienced no difficulty in securing the apartments.

The other tenants came to regard her as a woman who had encountered financial reverses and who was compelled to take typewriting pupils to eke out her impaired income. Her "pupils" were often met on the elevators and in the upper corridors, well-dressed, lady-like young women. The policemen made inquiries, ex-

phoned to the West End fire station for ropes and tackle.

Firemen Volk and Lehrman were lowered from the top of the hill. Reaching the woman, they tied a rope around her waist. The three were then drawn up from their perilous position.

Owing to her fright and the exposure, Mrs. O'Grady is in a serious condition.

JACK FITZPATRICK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Fitzpatrick, better known as the Canadian, has just succeeded in winning the title of 9-stone champion of England from Harry Spurden. Fitzpatrick is anxious to come back to America and fight Kid Lavigne.

AN ATHLETIC "BIG FOUR."

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The Chicago Athletic Club is the largest and most influential organization of its kind in the west, and it is therefore not remarkable that it has at the head of its four most important departments, the best available experts that could be secured. Harry Cornish, the athletic manager, is one of the best known specialists in this country. As an instructor or he is without a peer for his own experiences have given him a practical knowledge which trainers do not usually possess. Prof. Robinson, the swimming instructor, has won over eighty races, among them the championship for different distances, for which he holds some handsome trophies, among them being two certificates and medals from the Swimming Association of Great Britain, for competing successfully in the long distance championship of England in 1882 and 1883; distance, six miles on the River Thames. He also holds a first-class certificate from the Liverpool Swimming Club for proficiency in long, middle, and short distances, fast and scientific swimming. In fancy and scientific swimming he is unsurpassed.

The boxing instructor to the club members is Professor George Dawson; New South Wales, Australia, was his birthplace. At the age of 18 he fought his first fight, which ended in a draw, afterward fighting for the lightweight championship, which he won, and retains to this day. The beautiful trophy which became his personal property with the championship, is on exhibition in the lounge room of the Chicago Athletic Club. Since coming to this country he has fought and won three fights, all of which were fought before the California Athletic Club, in San Francisco.

The racquet and tennis instructor is Henry Boakes, an Englishman. In 1876 he left England for Canada, where he was engaged with the Quebec Racquet Club. In 1878 he played for and won the championship of the States, at the New York Racquet Club, his opponent being John Mahony, whom he has defeated four times to one since.

P. S. CLARK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

P. S. Clark is a theatrical manager of great ability. He is an enterprising man and was in the employ of Hon. H. C. Miner for several years, directing important tours for him. At present Mr. Clark is piloting the Russell Brothers' comedians with eminent success. This company is owned and managed by that popular team of comedians, Weber & Fields.

"SHADOW" MABER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Shadow" Mabers is one of the most capable fighters that have come to this country from Australia. In the West, where he is well known, he is looked upon as an exceptionally good man, game, handy and clever. He has fought some good fights, and is anxious to come East and meet some first-class men at his weight.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. George A. McMillen, wife of Dr. McMillen, President of the State Board of Dental Examiners, had an experience with a burglar recently at Alton, Ill. The doctor had gone to a neighboring city. With her 8-year-old son she was alone in the house, 321 East 1st street. Supper had been served, and the lady was in her sitting room when she was startled by a man confronting her, who in rough language demanded her money. Mrs. McMillen did not flinch, but replied, "I haven't much money, but you can have anything else of value in the house."

The man muttered an oath and reiterated his demand for money, to which Mrs. McMillen replied, "Very well, wait here a minute, and I will get what money I have." She started to go to a dressing room, when the man called to her to halt. Turning on him, she again told him she would get the money. Mrs. McMillen opened the dresser drawer and procured a revolver. Then she turned to the intruder and ordered him from the house. He started toward her, but she told him that one step would cost him his life. He saw she meant business and backed off. She compelled him to back his way to the front door, open it and go backward into the yard. Then she closed the door and returned to her room. Mr. McMillen returned an hour later and found his wife suffering from excitement. The strain had been too great, and it was hours before she recovered. Several arrests of suspicious characters were made, but none could be identified.

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SHE ANSWERED AN ADVERTISEMENT.

haunted all sources of information and learned nothing derogatory to the house or its inmates, but one night they called on Mrs. Wheeler, and laid the result of their investigations before Justice Ryan, who issued a warrant for Mrs. Wheeler's arrest.

The place was raided, and the police found a suite of luxuriously furnished apartments. A number of typewriting machines were scattered about. There were five richly attired young women present, but they admitted they were not typewriters.

Mrs. Wheeler said that her "regular pupils" did not board with her. There were also present two brokers, who made no professions of being pupils.

Mrs. Wheeler was arrested, together with Mrs. Blakely, her housekeeper, and all of the inmates. Mrs. Wheeler was arraigned in Yorkville Court on a charge of maintaining a disorderly house. Justice Ryan, after listening to the evidence of Lang and Morris, committed her to answer and discharged the other defendants.

After Mrs. Wheeler's case was disposed of, Mrs. Blakely, the housekeeper, spoke to the reporters, and assured them that Mrs. Wheeler did keep a legitimate school for typewriting instruction, and that she had a class of fifteen pupils at the present time.

The girls whom the police saw there were merely "visitors," for whose actions, neither she nor Mrs. Wheeler was responsible.

HUNG OVER A PRECIPICE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. John O'Grady, a resident of Shaler and Grand View avenues, Mount Washington, had a thrilling escape from being dashed over a 100-foot precipice. She left her home to go to St. James Church, in the West End, near Pittsburg, Pa.

Instead of taking the incline car she started to walk down the dangerous path leading from Duquesne Heights. When eighty feet from the top she slipped and fell. She rolled down the hillside, conscious of the fact that if she did not check herself she would be dashed over the precipice to the tracks of the Panhandle Railroad, 100 feet below.

When within six feet of the ledge of rock she managed to grasp the branch of an overhanging tree. For an hour she lay there calling for help, and afraid to let go the branch.

George Nesbit, a mill worker, happening to look up the hill, saw what he thought was a woman. He tele-

POSED AS TYPEWRITERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some time there has appeared in a morning paper an advertisement that Mrs. Catherine Wheeler taught

LIVELY BUT "Ruined by a Faithless Woman," FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES No. 11. One of the best of the Series; 65 illustrations by French artists. Sent by mail to any address, very securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.



SHE KICKED TOO HIGH.

MISS EMMA ROKE EASILY WON THE CONTEST, BUT INJURED HERSELF BADLY, AT STAMFORD, CONN.



FEMALE STUDENTS PLAY BASEBALL.

FASCINATING GIRLS IN BLOOMERS AND SWEATERS PITCH, BAT AND MAKE RUNS, AT CHICAGO, ILL.



TWO RATTLING GOOD FIGHTS.

MYSTERIOUS BILLY SMITH MAKES A STAND-OFF WITH JOE WALCOTT--YOUNG GRIFFO GETS A DECISION OVER HORACE LEEDS.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Baseball People Getting Ready
to Open the Season.

LEAGUE MAGNATES CONVENE.

Predicting Pennant Winners Already
Indulged In.

NEWSY GOSSIP OF THE DIAMOND.

The ball playing fraternity invaded Gotham last week. It was the occasion of the annual Spring meeting of the National League magnates, and every player, umpire, manager, critic, and bat carrier within a radius of a thousand miles, felt it incumbent upon him to lend an element of importance to the affair by being present. Such an array of men whose faces are familiar on baseball diamonds throughout the country, certainly never was seen together before, not even in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where so many baseball gatherings have been held. Conspicuous in the throng were noticed: J. W. Spalding, Andrew Freedman, A. H. Soden, W. H. Conant, A. J. Beach, J. L. Rogers, C. H. Byrne, F. A. Abell, Edward Hanlon, George H. Wagner, J. Earl Wagner, James H. Hart, C. Von der Ahe, Dr. Stockey, John T. Bragg, John B. Day, Arthur Irwin, Harry Wright, Buck Ewing, Frank Selee, A. C. Buckenberger, Dave Fouts, Connie Mack, P. T. Powers, Jack Chapman, Billy Barnie, Gus Schmetz, Honest John Kelly, Hi Hi Dixwell, John M. Ward, Dan Brothers, Joe Kelly and Billy Keeler of the Baltimore, Jack Taylor and Tuck Turner of the Phillies, Ad Gumbert and Joe Mulvey of the Brooklyn, Billy Schriver of the Chicago catcher, Frank Dwyer of Cincinnati, Billy Warner, Boston's new catcher; C. H. Genallinger, Tim Hurst, Nick Engel, George Barnum, Joe Gordon, Johnny Troy, Joe Gebhardt, Joe Hornung, John Hatfield, Oli Hatfield, Charley Ebbetts, George Munson, Martin Kennedy, Mike Lehan, George Goro and Billy Mott.

Everybody had his little axe to grind, and the fact that most of them were smiling faces when the meeting adjourned indicated that they had not been unsuccessful.

Even at this early period of the year, before the teams have become really organized, predictions as to the probable outcome of the pennant fight are voiced on all sides. During the League convention last week the first question the rival magnates were wont to ask each other, touched upon the strength of the teams, and the probability of filling such and such place in the list of contenders. Strange to say George Davis, who has just succeeded Johnny Ward in the captaincy of the New York team, was the first of the experts to venture an opinion. One might have supposed that innate modesty would have suggested to him the advisability of refraining from placing himself in a position to be criticized until, at least, he had had the experience of a manager for a season; but carried away by the conviction that he has the pennant winning team of 1895, he has hastened to jump into the breach with a prediction that the Giants will carry everything before them.

Personally, I hope they will; and I would be disloyal to my own side if I did not say that I have confidence in the team to bring home the flag next October. The pennant of 1894 would be flying in the breeze over the Polo Ground on the opening day, next month, but for the succession of mistakes that were made at the opening of last season. However, post mortem complaints are useless things to indulge in; so the only way to get even for what happened then is to start right in to rip things along for the season that is almost upon us. The Giants should begin this year with the idea that every team they play against will be a fight to win. There are no more "cinches" or "soft things" in League clubs any more. That time has passed. There have been times in the past when the trip of a team through the country was merely a pleasure jaunt, and all that was necessary was to face some "moss agate" team and the game was won. Every club in the League is trying to strengthen its team. It is a study with managers day and night. Many of the teams have been strengthened very materially over last year, and the placing in one's mind of one particular club as the winner is the merest guess work, and more liable to be wrong this year than ever.

The Giants have been improved in playing strength over last year perhaps less than any other team. Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Cleveland may be put in the same category, but the two latter teams have certainly not been weakened, as many cranks think the Giants have.

The Giants are not in a position where they can afford to take any chances. They have bright expectations at the close of last season that the championship would surely be theirs this, and any fall from a high position through the taking of chances by way of experiments will be quickly remarked by the cranks and all lovers of the game in this city who will make their feelings shown by remaining away from the game, and the cheerful click of the Polo Grounds' turnstile will not entice President Freedman to any great extent. Captain Davis is a very clever player, it is true, and is immensely popular with some of the men, but whether he can reconcile the different cliques of the Giants and obtain good team work from the men is a debatable question. As to second base—one of the most important positions on the infield—no one would be foolish enough to believe for an instant that Stafford is going to play the position as it has been and should be played. "Brownie" Murphy would seem to be the man to place at second, but it has been proved that there are certain New York players, who don't want the ex-Yalean on the team. The proof of this statement can be found in the fact that as soon as Murphy was taken away from short field and Fuller substituted the New Yorkers started in on that winning gait which was at once a source of wonder and delight to their friends.

While Manager Davis is wasting time making predictions and telling how the Giants intend winning the championship, Hanlon, who piloted the Baltimore Orioles through the sea of baseball vicissitudes last year, and landed them in the van, is saying not a thing. It is a conspicuous fact, however, that he has been busy since the close of last season strengthening the weak places and filling up the soft spots with material calculated to put another pennant to the credit of the club which he represents. The loss of the Temple series was a severe blow to Hanlan, after the heroic effort he made to get his team into form for that supplementary series; but he consoles himself with the knowledge that the Temple cup does not represent as much as the pennant does, and what does a silver mug amount to, compared with that waving bit of color with the word "champion" lettered across it?

The Baltimore team will begin the season fully equipped to become a factor in the disposition of championship honors. It is Hanlan's policy to begin the season with a conditioned team, and thereby have an advantage over those organizations which are not seasoned until the first series is ended. "To win from the jump" will be the order, and if the Orioles do not cut out the lead at the outset I shall miss my guess. Every department of the team is filled with the best available material. There are no experimental positions or chance players to fill them, like second base on the New York nine. The pitching department is quite as strong as it was at the close of last season. Hanlan has his eye on this year's pennant when he began reaching out for twirlers last fall, and the benefit of this forethought will be realized when the opening of the season finds the Baltimore team better equipped in its pitching department than any of its contemporaries.

I am of the opinion that the pennant fight this year will be be-

tween Baltimore and New York, with Boston as a probable factor in the East, and Cleveland and Pittsburgh in the West.

Fred Pfeffer will be the best advertised ball player of the season of 1895. He will be worth to the Louisville Club every dollar it pays him, and he will have the sympathy of every baseball enthusiast throughout the country. He has been made a martyr to the dignity of three gentlemen composing the National Board, who placed the stigma of the blacklist for the first time on a player for any offense other than crookedness.

It took the august National League just twelve hours on Wednesday last to settle the Pfeffer question. That the season was a hot one there can be no doubt. Pfeffer had true friends in the League who promoted his interests as long as possible and only gave up when they saw it was of no further use. Finally the League decided to reinstate Mr. Pfeffer. He is obliged to play the season, however, with the Louisville Club, and as if that were not punishment enough, he was fined \$500 besides. Fred can pay this on the installment plan, however, which is some little concession to the persecuted player.

It wouldn't be possible for the Schedule Committee to frame the season's dates without giving offense to some of the magnates, who are disposed to believe that favoritism is shown in the allotment of holidays. 'Twas ever thus, and the wall which accompanied the publication of the schedule has come to be regarded quite as much of a certainty as the coming of the holidays themselves.

This year the first kick has come from Cincinnati, and Harry Weldon is the medium through which the Populitans magnates are doing their kicking. Weldon refers to the schedule in this strain: "It looks to a man up a tree as if the League schedule was made out this year in the sole interest of one club and to hinder with the other eleven. A law was passed in Massachusetts two years ago making the third Thursday in April a legal holiday. That day this year comes on April 18, and it looks like Soden, Billings and Conant had doped Uncle Nick and got him to switch off from the original idea of opening May 1 and cause thousands of dollars' loss to the rest of the League by forcing the season just to accommodate the Beaneaters. The early opening last year put a bad crimp in the Cincinnati Club's treasury, and, if history repeats itself, your Uncle has put them out of business this season. The policy of playing ball in the chilly weather of early spring and being idle in July and August is both foolish and dangerous, as many a player is rendered useless by too early exposure."

I share with my esteemed Cincinnati friend the belief that May 1 is early enough to open the League season. Up to that time the weather is variable and uncertain, and after the excitement incident to the first game is over, the attendance is small and unsatisfactory. The turnstile statistics show that the largest crowds attend during the sweltering days of mid-summer with the smallest during the initial two weeks of the season. However, if the opening in mid-April benefits anybody, even Boston, let us accept the situation without murmuring, consoling ourselves with the time-worn adage that "it's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good."

In the amateur baseball world more interest is centered in the outcome of the College pennant race than in any of the minor league championships. In the college games more seems to depend upon the pitching department than any other element; and that is why twirling talent is so much more plentiful than any other branch of the profession. There will be an unusual array of pitching talent in the college baseball world this coming spring, some of which would do credit to the National League teams. Every one of the big and most of the smaller colleges have one good pitcher, while some can boast of pairs and trios and even quartettes. If the collegiate championship were wholly decided on the strength of the teams in the box, the championship would be a most complex one. Carter, of Yale, stands head and shoulders above any other man on reputation, although there are knowing ones, and many of them, who maintain that he has equals and superiors in the ranks of other colleges. Next to him Asa Priest, of Cornell, has probably now the widest reputation for his excellent work, and indeed with equal advantage, it is doubtful if the idol of the Ithacans could not outpitch his speedy rival. The friends of Bradley, of Princeton, claim for him recognition in Carter's class, and, indeed, he did excellent work for his team in the latter end of last season, when he was in good condition.

Probably the best equipped team in the country in the box is Brown University. White and Russell are a wonderful strong pair, and Brady and Robinson are a couple of excellent substitutes of sufficient ability to justify Brown to feel safe in trusting her pitching to them if necessary.

Harvard expects wonders of Andy Highland, Pennsylvania of "Whitney" Schoenbut and Georgetown of Carmody. In addition to these, there are at Princeton Altman, of last year's nine, at Cornell Cobb, who last year did well for them, and Smith, who played cleverly at Atlantic City, and at Lehigh Herins, who did good work at the same place.

While prognostications are in order it wouldn't do to shut Big Anse out. The veteran captain of the Chicago team says as to the coming season: "New York hasn't got that pennant yet by a good deal. It takes a very little thing to throw a club from the first to the second division. I admit that, with Ruess and Meekin, New York has a bright outlook, but she has to get a second baseman, bear that in mind. Ward was a good ball-player, and it will be mighty hard to fill his place. It wouldn't surprise me a particle to see him playing again before the season is one-third gone. I do not know what inducements would have to be offered to get him to play, but I do believe that if the papers get to clamoring about a losing team and crying for Ward, the chances are that he will be back in the team. Ward's usefulness as a player is far from being gone."

Anson had opinions to give about some of the other League teams. Boston, he declared, would always be a big factor in the race, so long as she had her present team. Baltimore, he declared, had been lucky last year; nevertheless he would not predict failure for this season, inasmuch as they played good fast ball. Philadelphia was strong, but did not seem to have the faculty of "getting there." Ewing, he said, could not possibly do worse for Cincinnati than that team had generally fared. "If Ewing's arm should come around all right he would have many days of usefulness before him as a player. He is, withal, a great player and a winner."

It is not improbable that when Griffin signs his name it will be to a contract not only to play center field, but to captain the Brooklyn team as well. Griffin is, perhaps, the most popular player on the team, and would make an ideal leader. The men like him and would favor him for captain in case Fouts found himself unable to perform the duties. Fouts does not like to lay down the bat just yet. He is too old a war horse to give in easily, but it will be no surprise if he does not play this season. Fouts, however, says that he has been well all winter and is feeling particularly good just now. He intends to play ball on the coming Southern trip, and if at the beginning of the season he feels well enough, and is able to play first base to his own satisfaction, he will take the field in person. However, if La Chance plays first base as he did last season, Fouts will not stand in his way. So that it depends not only on Fouts' health, but upon La Chance's playing, whether Griffin shall be captain. President Byrne says that Griffin will be made captain if Fouts does not play. Griffin was acting captain last year. This year Brooklyn cranks may take off their hats to Captain Mike Griffin. Even if he does not play, Fouts will surely continue to manage the Brooklyn.

"Dixie-land" was last week favored with an influx of ball tossers. They came from everywhere to be conditioned for the championship series. A month's preliminary practice in the South has come to be regarded as a necessity by players and managers; and not a single one of the latter have disregarded the lesson taught by the Orioles last year. All the teams are now in the South, and amusing the natives with some rare playing. Some lively games have already been scored, but as they were only of an exhibition character they furnished no line upon which a calculation could be made of the relative playing strength of the teams.

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Shortstop Demont, who was with Buffalo for a few games last season, has signed with Toronto.

Manager Hanlon declines an exchange of pitcher Gleason for pitcher Chamberlain. He wants Frank Dwyer.

President Soden says that the Boston Club will retain Jimmy Bannon unless Collins should prove a better man.

Charles Bennett is now able to walk without cane or crutches and is looking for a location for a cigar store in Detroit.

Korace McFarlan has signed with the Petersburg Club of the Virginia League. He is a college graduate and a No. 1 catcher.

Anson, Dahlen, Irwin, Ryan, Lange, Hutchinson, Griffith and Klitridge have never played in any National League club but Chicago.

Manager Jack Chapman has lifted a third baseman out of the New England League for the "Raws." His name is McCormick.

Jerry Denny, once the greatest of all the third basemen, will manage a team at his home in Norwich, Conn., this season and play his old position.

Harry Fuller, a first-class infielder and hitter, is anxious to get a berth on some minor league team. He is a hard worker and a sober industrious player.

Manager Davis is quite sincere when he expresses the belief that the Giants will capture the rag next season. In his mind there is no doubt about that.

John J. Dalley, the ex-League and Association umpire, has applied to the New York State League for a position on the staff, and will probably be appointed.

Yale and Princeton have agreed to play May 18, at New Haven; June 8, at Princeton. In case of a tie the final game will be played in New York on June 15.

If reports are true, Arthur Clarkson is not wanted by the Brown Stocking management this season. Several rumors of prospective changes are in circulation.

The St. Louis Club has seven pitchers under contract, and Manager Buckenberger says all will be retained. When one is knocked out of the box another will be put in.

The allegation that McPhee last season received \$2,100 from the Cincinnati Club and \$300 out of the pocket of Vice-President Ellison, has brought forward all sorts of denials.

It is said that Tommy Simpson has grown tired of selling tickets at Eastern Park, Brooklyn, and is about to make an application to President Young for a place as an umpire.

President Young has received a large batch of personal letters and petitions from many of the leading ball players in the league, urging the reappointment of Umpire Hurst.

Wagers have already been made that the Phillies will beat the Baltimore out this season, and that the Orioles will not be among the first five at the finish of the League race.

Roger Connor, the big first baseman, signed a Brown Stocking contract at a \$300 reduction in salary over the amount paid him last season. He will get \$2,100 and is satisfied.

Shorty Fuller has heard something drop, and hastens to whisper to the Cincinnati scribbles that a team of oxen couldn't keep him away from the training grounds at Jacksonville.

Manager Mack thinks the St. Louis Browns will be in luck this year to win four games from Pittsburgh, while George Miller thinks the Browns will win the series from the Pittsburgh.

In addition to their regular salaries the Washington players are to receive the net profits of the 30 exhibition games which they will play on their Southern trip before the season opens.

Meekin will receive \$2,700 this year, an advance of \$1,000 over last year. How glad he must be he was sold from his \$1,500 Washington job. No wonder Mercer is sighing for freedom.

Catcher Tom Kinslow has signed a contract for next year with the Pittsburgh Club at a salary of \$2,800. The salary from the Pittsburgh Club will be an increase over that paid him by Brooklyn.

Glande McFarlan, the brilliant young ball tosser, who combines newspaper work with his baseball proclivities and is a good man in both, has signed with the Evansville for the coming season.

Mark E. Baldwin has become quite a society man in Homestead. He is an artistic dancer and trips the light fantastic toe almost every night. This is a good way of getting into condition.

Duffy has not yet signed with Boston, and will not do so at the old figures. He asks for a raise of \$300, claiming that his record of last season as the leading batsman entitles him to that small consideration.

There is perhaps no club in the League which treats its players as liberally and fairly as the New York Club. In return for this liberality the directors expect the players to keep in condition and avoid dissipation.

Manager Mack was shown the prediction of New York's manager. His comment was quite characteristic. He only said, "I am afraid there are going to be a good many hopes defeated in New York the coming season."

Silver King, who laid off last season, wants to know whether Cincinnati still has him under reserve. The club officials, however, are as much at sea as he is, as they don't know whether they have reserved him or not.

It looks funny to see Frank Knauss join the New Yorks. That twirler has been bobbing up and down like a cork on a fisherman's line for some years, but has really done some very good work as well as some very poor work.

Harvard and Yale have arranged their baseball series. The first game will be played at Cambridge on June 20, and the second at New Haven on June 25. In case of a tie a third game will be played in New York on June 29.

When the question of admission prices on the Southern tour was mentioned the other day, Mr. Freedman said quickly: "The New York team cannot afford to play cheap ball. It would be better to have 1,500 percent at 50 cents a head than 3,000 at half that price."

There is great rejoicing in St. Louis baseball circles. Buckenberger has received the signed contract of his wonderful short stop, Fred Ely. Ely sent the St. Louis manager a very nice letter, in which he says that he will do all in his power to pull the Browns well up.

Each and every one of the members of last year's team has written Manager Hanlon, telling how they can't see how Baltimore can lose the championship, provided all the old men are signed

for '95 at an increase in salary. And Mr. Hanlon simply winks the other eye.

With the retirement of the Players' League element in the New York Club, the only backers of the Brotherhood who still remain in the League ranks are the minority stockholders of the Brooklyn Club, the Wagners of Washington, and Messrs. Kerr and Auten of Pittsburgh.

Davis says that New York will have to be satisfied with giving Jim Stafford a trial at second base. "Stafford," he says, "may not be a brilliant fielder, but he is a good batsman and a fair base runner. That's the kind of man we want. Fred Pfeffer I would have at no price."

John B. Foster, of the "Cleveland Leader," says there is no truth in the Boston Herald's story that Tebeau once threw Umpire Hurst's clothing out of the Cleveland Club's dressing room. He says Cleveland is the one League club that has a separate dressing room for the umpires.

Jake Virtue, who has signed to play first base for the Louisville Club this season, and who was stricken with paralysis during the winter, is able to get about a little now. Virtue's doctor says he may be able to play about July. He was released by the Cleveland Club last fall.

A Baltimore baseball writer has this over his signature: "I believe that the League should drop, as fast as possible, some of the cities in its ranks." Unless Baltimore should remain high up in the approaching race the attendance there will justify making that city the first to walk the plank.

Manager Schmels has coined another new one. Referring to one or two of his new recruits the other day, he said, "They are Japanese"—meaning, they are all right. If the Washingtons did not already have a high-sounding title in the Senators they might be calling under the name of "the Japs" this season.

The Phillies are not held in great esteem or fear by the Boston players. McCarthy says: "A great lot of hitters, but die early in the season. Not dangerous when it comes down to cases." Hugh Duffy says: "Yes, they can hit and field as individuals, but play straight-away ball not as dangerous as Baltimore."

Anson expects to accomplish great deeds down in Texas. He says he will cure Dahlen's obesity, Lange's lame back, Abbey's poor batting eye and Schriver's bowleggedness by long runs on the sand and copious draughts of sea water. He hopes to secure a winning lead at the start, and thus put the Colts into good spirits and confidence for the race.

The signing of Jersey Bakely by Jack Milligan for his Allentown Club recalls some of the funny stories Jim McLeer told once about Knoeb. The fat player in the Players' League had a great habit of missing the train, and about the time the club would reach its destination a message would be received from "Jersey," reading: "Am left; send on ticket."

There are no new developments in the Cincinnati claim on Gumbert and Weaver. Every now and then a ream comes from Cincinnati town, but it has no effect. The Pittsburgh managers are willing to allow their case to rest until the Board meets, and then if that organization does not give credit for taking a chance the deal will have to be unraveled.

The youngsters who are not yet capable of entering the greater league need not feel downhearted over the prospect of work during the coming summer. There are already more minor leagues in existence, and looking for players, than for a number of years. With several states to hear from, it is safe to say there will be at least 50 professional circuits this season.

The late John H. McMahon, catcher of the Washington National League team, left an estate valued at about \$5,000. All this John made in his profession. Unlike most baseball players John saved his salary and being strictly temperate in his habits, his riches increased. Before he died he gave it all to his mother and told her to buy a nice and comfortable home.

Harvey Watkins, the former hustling private secretary of Mr. Bailey, of Barnum & Bailey, and later with Manager Frank Sanger at Madison Square Garden, will look out for the business end of affairs for the New York team, on the Southern tour. Superintendent Arthur Bell will remain here to see about putting the Polo Grounds in first class trim for the opening games.

It is the sad fate this year for every team to lumber up in the south. Southern trips are certainly beneficial in that they give players opportunities for training that they do not enjoy in the north. Unfortunately after the practice is over in the south and before the weather has become settled in the north the players return and are compelled to work hard. The early opening is especially hard on pitchers, and by straining themselves they often injure themselves for weeks, and not infrequently for the whole season.

The batting records of the players in the National League have been kept for 18 years, and in all those years the leading batter has but on four occasions had a hitting average of .400 or better. Barnes, the old time infielder, had the distinction in 1876, the very first year that the League records were filed. His average reached .403. In 1879 Anson had a batting percentage of .407. It is also of interest to add that the old veteran has led the League on two other occasions, in 1881, when his batting average reached .399 and again in 1888, with a percentage of .343.

The umpire system employed last year by Yale and Harvard was agreed upon for the coming season, by the managers of the two baseball teams. President Young says, "I shall appoint the umpires from the League staff, they to report to the captains of the contending teams just before the game begins, their identity being kept secret until the game is called. This plan will probably be adopted by Princeton and Yale."

Thaddeus Troy, Pat Tebeau's latest phenomenon, hails from Clarendon, O., about 30 miles on the Ohio River below Wheeling. He is about twenty-four years of age, and is a tall, raw-boned youngster, standing nearly six feet, and weighing 175 pounds. He first learned to play on the lots of his native town. He is a school teacher by profession, and played ball merely to fill in his vacation. In 1893 he played for Mountville, W. Va., and last season for the Y. M. C. A. team of Steubenville, covering second. He is an ambidextrous thrower, and is rated as a good, hard hitter and fast base runner.

In all this talk about old-timers playing good ball it is singular why people will overlook a man who is just as old, if not older, than Anson, who can put up a rattling game at short stop. Marr Phillips, just signed with the Troy team, has been playing the game for 20 years, at least. In the early days of the American Association, at least 14 years ago, Marr was even considered an old blood. His arm went wrong for a time, but he finally recovered the use of it. He is always certain of an engagement at Troy, being a great favorite there.

The great popularity of America's National Game in England is not to be denied. At a meeting of the London Baseball Association held recently, Chairman Knowles spoke at length upon the growth of the association since its organization as a side show to "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West exhibition. He stated that it now counted in its membership 70 clubs in England, and was strongest in the northern countries. At Balham grounds had been secured for this year and inclosed with a fence, and dressing rooms for the use of clubs playing there had been erected within the inclosure. The association this year, Mr. Knowles asserted, was free of debt. All of the reports received concurred in expressing the opinion that there is a healthy growth of baseball in England.

One of the luckiest plays ever made on the ball-field occurred in the early part of the summer of 1893, the year the League playing season was divided into two halves. For some weeks Boston and Philadelphia were running neck and neck for the lead and when the teams met in the latter city the games were hotly contested. In one of the exhibitions, with the score close, Boston had the bases full, with two men out. A hit or an error meant victory for their side. The batsman hit a sharp grounder directly to Allen, at short. The ball hit the toe of Allen's shoe, bounding into the air, glanced off toward right field, straight into Hallman's hand, who just had time to touch second base, forcing the runner from first. This lucky play saved the day for the Quakers, as they won out.

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AMONG THE FIGHTERS.

Sullivan, the Idol of the Fistic World, in Trouble.

PLENTY OF DIRTY FIGHTING.

Jackson Tells why He Don't Come Back to America.

SMALL TALK AND TIMELY GOSSIP.

John L. Sullivan is in difficulties again. His company stranded in Jacksonville, Fla., for want of funds to continue further; the people who were associated with him in his enterprise have left him; his private wardrobe has been seized for debt; and the once great man knows now what it is to be deserted and alone. It looks now as if his public career had come to an inglorious close indeed. Instead of retiring with a fortune of a million dollars, as he might have done, had he husbanded his resources, he will pass into obscurity with a record of being a "good fellow," but without even the sympathy of the sympathetic crew who were always at his beck and call during the heyday of his prosperity. Those fellows who lived and thrived like leeches upon the big fellow's prodigality, begrudge him, now, even a kind word. His acts of generosity have been forgotten, and in their estimation the meanest among them is better than he.

Sullivan realized his position last week, when, friendless and alone, he waited in a Jacksonville hotel for messages from his supposed friends assuring him of assistance in his hour of need. None came, and the big fellow was forced to see the condition of things in their true light. The final drop of bitterness in his already well-filled cup of sorrow came in the shape of a telegram from a Boston sporting club, offering him a paltry \$500 to take Peter Maher's place in a boxing bout with his old opponent, Jake Kilrain. This was insult heaped upon insult. Sullivan, once the pride of the modern Athens, the greatest pugilist that ever lived, a champion who towered head and shoulders above his contemporaries, a pugilistic peer, so to speak, being offered a purse that an ordinary mixed-sal scrapper might have sneered at. Three years ago such a bout as the one proposed would have justified the offering of a \$10,000 purse. Now, in the estimation of the matchmakers, Sullivan, the great, the only Sullivan, is looked upon as a \$500 attraction. How are the mighty fallen!

If the fifteen round bout between Joe Walcott and Billy Smith in Boston, last Friday night was conspicuous for one thing more than another, it was the dirty fighting indulged in by both principals. It was Smith who took the initiative in trying to see how unfair he could be, and as Walcott realized that the referee was powerless, to all intents and purposes, to check the mysterious one, he was forced for protection to pursue the same kind of tactics himself. At no time, however, did he resort to such flagrant acts as those indulged in by his opponent. Smith had the house with him, so to speak, and he appreciated the fact that Referee Barney Aaron wouldn't dare to end the bout and exonerate a riot by awarding the honors to the black man on a technicality. He took a mean advantage of his position, and utilized every dirty trick known to the prize ring, to bring about his adversary's defeat. He gouged at his eyes, and pushed back his nose with the heel of his glove, until Walcott showed his teeth and winced with pain. At one time Smith had his gloved hand half way into Walcott's mouth, and tried to tear the cheek open. He didn't even stop at biting, and the negro's shoulders showed many a mark from his teeth. His leads at the body were invariably low, too low, and the black's agility in keeping away from them saved him many an unfair punch that would have caused him to howl.

The sympathies of many of Smith's admirers turned from him when they noted his unfair tactics. Had a man with a particle of nerve been officiating as referee, Smith would surely have been disqualified in the second round. Throughout the contest he violated the rules often enough to have merited disqualification a score of times.

Of the decision, the least said the better, Aaron's nerve deserted him again when the auspicious time for declaring a winner arrived, or he would most assuredly have accorded the honors to Walcott. He was the aggressor from beginning to end, showed the clearest, cleanest fighting throughout, and punished his adversary terribly. He had a lot more than a shade the best of it, and "Mysterious Billy" Smith may count himself very lucky in getting a split.

Walcott is now a legitimate challenger for the welterweight championship, and it is more than likely that before Tommy Ryan sails for England, he will be called upon to make a match with the native of Barbadoes.

"The public is getting a bit too wise for the fighters," said a Boston sporting man to me the night of the Smith-Walcott affair, referring to the Hall-Maher fight which took place a week previously. "There was a time when a fairly hard act-to-was enough to send the suckers home feeling satisfied and contented for the money expended. They have become educated lately, and nothing short of murder seems to satisfy them now."

A fake nowadays means professional suicide for the men who engage in it, and besides, such an affair as the Maher and Hall contest does irreparable injury to the club under whose auspices it is given. The officials of the Suffolk club, of Boston, realize better than any one else that the Maher and Hall fight has done them a great deal of injury, and they intend to prove to its patrons that no blame should be attached to the club. The club was at first inclined not to give either Maher or Hall a cent, but after due consideration it concluded to live up to the agreement it made with them. Both men still have the presumption to say that their bout was on the level, but a corporal's guard would not go to see them box again in this city. Maher will suffer more than Hall by the "fake." He was a big drawing card. No matter who proposed the "fake," they are equally guilty; any effort made to place Maher in any other light is ridiculous. Supporting Hall did propose the "fake," as he is credited with doing, Maher ought to have had enough sense to know that by going into any such deal his reputation would receive a shock from which it would never recover. It is only within a year or so that the Irish champion has got into a position where he could make some money, and for him to kill his future chances was a suicidal act.

George Dixon must have been a hot member of society when he learned of Australian Billy Murphy's defeat by Kid Hogan of Pittsburgh, the other night. All winter long Murphy has been making cracks at Dixon, and telling his Cincinnati friends how eager he was for a chance to go against him. Dixon's manager made an impetuous avowal that his protegee could stop the Australian in four rounds, and the latter seizing this as an excuse, lost no time in rushing into print declaring his ability to make a holy show of anybody in the featherweight division, and his pretended anxiety to prove his ability to whip the champion. Unfortunately Murphy was able to "con" a lot of people into believing him, and one Porkopolis sport flattered his money about with a recklessness worthy of a better cause, in his eagerness to back Murphy.

Fortunately for this fellow, Dixon's theatrical contract tied him up so that he could not take Murphy on without forfeiting more than he could possibly make by fighting him, although he did try to get him to go on and box him in one of his stage bouts. Murphy couldn't

be dragged into a ring with Dixon, however, and the fact that he could not, must now be a source of satisfaction to the Cincinnati sports who might have been foolish enough to have bet on him, had they come together.

Hogan, the lad who took Murphy's measure the other night, is the same one who was matched to box Mike Leonard a few weeks ago. He has no exceptional ability, and even in his town is only looked upon as a promising youngster. He fought Murphy to a standstill in five rounds, and after that the latter kept away hoping that the worst he would get would be a draw. The decision in Hogan's favor was an honest one, and Dixon thereby loses a chance to get a stake that he might have had, had Murphy kept on bluffing.

"The path of a matchmaker of a boxing club is not a rose-bustled one," says Macon McCormick. "Take the case of Jim Kennedy, of the Seaside Club, for an illustration. Some people are kicking now because he is, it is alleged, giving us 'too much Griffs.' Now the club is situated in Coney Island, which is now a part of Brooklyn, and is under the influence of Mayor Schierow, a man who hates Griffs as he hates poison and who wouldn't license a boxing club if he wasn't compelled to by order of Judge Gaynor. Rixome demands that an inspector of police be present at every exhibition to stop any bout that, in his opinion, may be brutal. I have seen one stopped merely because one of the contestants was bleeding freely from his nose. Now Griffs, as you all know, is a wonderfully scientific man, but he is not a punishing hitter. Jim knew that he and Leeds ought to be able to go the whole distance, ten rounds, without much fear of police interference. Therefore he arranged with them for the star bout of the club's last show. Had he engaged a pair of sluggers who would be unwilling to patronize the affair through fear that the police would stop the boxing just when it got to be interesting."

A local boxer of a decidedly mixed-ale type, nearly put an end to the glory of England's champion lightweight boxer, Stanton Abbott, at the Manhattan Athletic Club's fistic entertainment the other evening. Abbott's opponent was Tom Hayes, the man who raised all the row at Mike Donovan's show by punching Skip Ahearn after a decision had been rendered against him. The English champion made a very unfavorable impression on the critics present. The latter thought that Abbott would polish Hayes off in short order. They were sadly disappointed, as the Englishman not only failed to stop his man, but he had to work hard to get the decision. The New Yorker made things decidedly interesting for Abbott and scored often. The fighting during the first, second and third rounds was very brisk, and each landed many effective blows. Hayes met many of Abbott's rushes with stiff left hands on the mouth and face. The fourth round was also very lively and slightly in Abbott's favor.

In the fifth Abbott was very aggressive. Believing that he had taken Hayes' measure accurately, the Englishman started at the New Yorker hammer and tongs style for a knock out. Many of his blows were wild and went wide of the mark. Hayes gave the Englishman many a hard thump, but the latter scored the greater number of times. Abbott was also very aggressive in the sixth and last round, but Hayes kept out of the way, and when the gong sounded was as fresh as the Englishman. He was also unmarked, save for a cut on the lip, from which blood oozed. Abbott was very tired at the end. The judges were unable to agree, and the referee declared in Abbott's favor. The decision was roundly hissed.

Peter Jackson finds it very profitable to remain on the other side, despite his inability to get on a match. Jackson's plans, which are always interesting to the sporting public, are outlined in a letter received from him by Prof. Mike Donovan, which the latter showed me recently. The letter is dated Glasgow, and reads:

"I suppose you think it's near time you had an answer to your last letter. Well, Mike, there has been quite a change in things out here. I see by the *Sporting Life* that Charley Davies has offered to back Chynski against me. I can't quite make it out. I'm sure it can't be true. I was greatly surprised over the course your friend, Ed Holake, took with the 'Coffee Cooler.' They were doing well enough by themselves, and might have left me alone. I never had a chance to say anything to Craig, as I only saw him one night, and that was at the National Sporting Club. I came to the conclusion that night that he wanted no advice from me, according to the speech he made. Consequently I have kept to myself, as usual, and left him sweetly alone. You can easily understand the complaint the 'Cooler' is suffering from when he considers beating Ted Pritchard sufficient to entitle him to challenge me. I think their game spells cheap advertisement; but so far as I am concerned I have taken no notice of it, neither do I intend to do so. I have made engagements in London and the provinces, and so far I am doing very well. I shall remain here until April."

Phil Dwyer, the stakeholder for the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight, is most sanguine that the men will ultimately meet to decide the championship. When told the other day that the Australian's third deposit of \$2,500 had not been sent, Mr. Dwyer said: "Fitzsimmons was prompt enough with his first two instalments of the stake—and as he seemed to have plenty of admirers who expressed a willingness to put up for him, I feel sure that he has complied with all the articles of agreement thus far. In case I should find that the money has not been posted—why, as stakeholder, I suppose it is my business to notify both men that negotiations looking to a contest between them were off. In any event, I do not think that Corbett would claim a forfeit, however. I believe he would give Fitzsimmons any reasonable time to come up with the money. Both men are sincere in their desire to fight, and will meet, if not in Florida, on some other ground. If necessary, the match will be brought off in private. It looks as though Florida will be the scene of the battle. In case the present Legislature does not pass a law against boxing, the fight will surely be pulled off down there."

There is a story out now that a personal insult is responsible for the persistency with which Fitzsimmons is being prosecuted in Syracuse for the alleged killing of Con Klorian. It is to the effect that the night after Klorian's death the Prosecuting Attorney of Onondaga County called at the hotel and sent up his card to the lanky Australian. The answer which came back was a vile insulting message which cannot be told in print. The attorney felt the outrage keenly, and as a result, it is claimed, was exceedingly active in procuring information to the Grand Jury on which the indictment was based. It is possible that Fitzsimmons may eventually learn that courtesy and politeness are accomplishments fully as valuable as the art of boxing.

"SAM" AUSTIN.

The trouble between Bob Fitzsimmons and his manager, Captain Glori, has reached the courts. Fitz has served notice on Glori that he will no longer recognize him as his manager. Glori has appealed to the court to compel the Australian to live up to his contract.

The proposed tournament of the Atlantic Athletic Club during March, in which Joe Chynski and Dan Creedon, and Tommy Ryan and Tom Tracy, were to have been the principals, is off. Parson Davies says he will take his proteges abroad, and that he has not the time to arrange the matches.

Stanton Abbott, of England, and George Mickie, of Providence, fought six rounds at the New Bedford Athletic Club, on Feb. 28, without any decision being given. It was a tame affair, in which Abbott had the best of the sparring. At the conclusion of the exhibition it was announced that Mickie would fight any 145-pound man in the country, barring Billy Smith and Joe Walcott.

Billy Plimmer was a passenger on the White Star steamer *Majestic*, which sailed from New York last Wednesday. It was rather early for sports to be about, but there was a great gathering on the pier. Plimmer, who goes to fight Corbett before the National Sporting Club, May 27, was accompanied by Joe McGrath and Alf Bobb. Martin Dowling and a party of the English lad's admirers wished him bon voyage. It is Plimmer's intention to return to the States in August.

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RICHARD E. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

W. A. S., New York.—It is customary to pay for lessons.
N. H. N., Park City, Utah.—Never heard of him in the east.
M. O'N., Chicago, Ill.—Don't know Thomas O'Neill, of Chicago.
F. K., Winston, Mont.—Don't understand your query.
J. M., Redington Mills, Me.—Never heard of the record you speak of.

Randall, Scranton, Pa.—Write to the District Attorney of Scranton, Pa.

R. S. C., Elgin, Ill.—1. Seven up. 2. A. 3. Never heard of a dog in poker.

J. B., West Flatbush, Mass.—Buy a book of rules. You don't want much.

D. M. T., Ringhamton, N. Y.—Was John L. Sullivan ever matched with Peter Jackson?.....No.

J. G., Newark, N. J.—We believe there is a boxer by the name of Frank Pinto living in New York.

C. D., Brooklyn.—In playing Euchre, which card is high in cutting for deal?.....King is high. Ace is low.

M. F. W., Modesto, Cal.—What is the best record for 50 yards and 75 yards?.....54 seconds and 74 seconds.

H. A. C., Columbus, O.—There are many differences of opinion and the published measurements are not authentic.

H. L. M., Rawlins, Wyo.—Send portrait. No date has been fixed. Corbett has \$10,000 up; Fitzsimmons only \$5,000.

C. P., Mexico, Mo.—To decide a bet. Who is the champion fancy billiard shot of the world?.....Yank Adams is so considered.

R. E., Lenox Avenue, New York.—See answer to J. M. K., Bartlett, N. H. Griffs' address is Coleman House, New York.

J. M. K., Bartlett, N. H.—What is the present address of James J. Corbett?.....Address his manager W. A. Brady, 1241 Broadway, N. Y.

J. L., Trenton, N. J.—Which is the highest in poker dice, aces or deuces?.....Deuce is high, unless a specific agreement is made before shaking.

G. S. B., Palmyra, Mo.—The ages of the pugilists are as follows: John L. Sullivan 37, Jim Corbett 29, Peter Jackson 34, Bob Fitzsimmons 23.

G. S., Harrietta, Mich.—Who are the promoters or managers of the 6-day go-as-you-please foot race to take place in Madison Square Garden?.....The race is off.

L. MCM., Nahma, Mich.—Can a Roman Catholic become President of the United States?.....Certainly; if he is a native born citizen of the United States.

W. B., Canton, Ohio.—In a game of seven-up or cinch, 10 points—A has 9 points, B has 7 points. A bids 2, B bids 3. B has high Jack, game, A has low. Who wins?.....A wins.

J. F., New York.—What is the greatest number of rounds Kilrain fought and with what pugilist?.....106 rounds, London ring rules, with Jim Smith, in France, on Dec. 19, 1887.

E. T., Aberdeen, Wash.—Is there a daily sporting paper published in your city that gives the daily races in all parts of the United States, and the betting at such races?.....*New York Mercury*.

H. J. F., Fulton, Ill.—What descent is Fitzsimmons' parents? What descent is Griffs?.....Fitzsimmons is of English descent. Griffs was born at Sydney, Aus., doubtless of Australian parentage.

G. W. J., Pittsburg, Pa.—How many rats has any dog killed in sixty minutes?.....There is no record for sixty minutes. In London, on May 1, 1862, Jacko killed 1,000 rats in less than 100 minutes.

Randall, Watertown, N. Y.—A bet B that a greyhound can beat a horse in a mile race?.....There is no record of such an event. It would be ridiculous to decide away your money on a mere opinion.

H. E. W., Columbus, O.—Who is the manager of Long Branch the sporting resort, and what time does it open up?.....Long Branch is the name of a city. It has no manager and the season there begins June 1.

J. F., Worcester, Mass.—Was there ever a man that went over Niagara Falls and came out alive?.....You doubtless mean went through the whirlpool rapids at Niagara. Yes, but in specially constructed barrels.

J. P. R., Saneville, Ill.—A bet B that B could not show A \$5 in a minute; B produced the \$5, but A would not look at B's money, and claims thereby to have won B's money, as B did not show A the money.....B wins.

O. S., Brooklyn.—Who is the strongest man in the world and who holds the belt?.....Louis Cyr is acknowledged by experts to be the strongest professional. He challenged for the "Police Gazette" belt but nobody accepted.

J. McK., Greenpoint, Brooklyn.—How deep is the water under the Brooklyn Bridge. I am going to dive it in May or June.....If some of the fools who have jumped from the bridge were alive they might tell you. We cannot.

W. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Which is the fastest 100 yard swimming record? by who, and was it made with the current or in still water?.....One minute, in still water, by T. Meadham, at Sydney, N. S. W., Dec. 4, 1892.

G. B., St. Joseph, Mo.—Who did Jack McAuliffe get the championship from. How many rounds did it take Fitzsimmons to whip Dempsey and Maher?.....Billy Frazier, at Boston, Oct. 29, 1886. 2. Dempsey, 13; Maher, 12.

R. S. W., Bordenstown, N. J.—Which is the most scientific man, J. L. Sullivan or Jack Dempsey?.....Dempsey was regarded as one of the most scientific fighters that ever lived. Sullivan depended more upon his marvellous strength and hitting powers.

P. H. F., Colebrook, N. H.—What is the limit of the middle and lightweight classes? How heavy is a welterweight? Slate weight of Billy Smith and Tommy Ryan?.....156 pounds and 133 pounds, respectively. 2. 142 pounds. 3. They are welterweights.

CORRESPONDENT, Trenton, N. J.—Was the fight between Jake Kilrain and Frank Slavin, fought in Hoboken, which was to be 10 rounds, decided in 9 rounds through an error, or did it last fully 10 rounds?.....Kilrain was virtually out at the end of 9 rounds and the fight was stopped.

ANXIOUS, New York.—If a cat and a half can kill a rat and a half in a minute and a half, how many cats will it take to kill 100 rats in 50 minutes?.....Three cats. Solution: One cat kills one rat in 1 1/2 minutes; one cat kills 100 rats in 150 minutes; three cats kill 100 rats in 50 minutes.

H. H. L., Washington, D. C.—Several gentlemen are playing a game of seven up. In the event of the amount of game, for instance, 23, being held by two of them, does the game count, or is it a draw or no count?.....You lose. When the count for game is even, the non-dealer counts one.

J. F. O. H., Newark, N. J.—A, B and C are playing pinochle. A and B have melded, and C hasn't melded all his hand. A bets C that after the second card has been played C can't meld. C says he can meld as long as he hasn't played a card?.....He can meld until the first trick is turned down.

G. G., Elmira, N. Y.—Is it constitutional or not for a man to hold the office of President of the United States for more than two terms? Where can I get a copy of the Constitution of the United States?.....U. S. Grant was president for three terms. 3. From any firm that sells law books.

J. R., Grand Rapids.—A, B, C and D are playing Cribbage. 20 is up. A plays the 2, B plays the 3, C plays the 1 and makes a run of 3, D plays the 4 and makes a run of 4. A passes, B passes, and C plays another 1 and calls another run of 4. Is C entitled to the second run?.....Not entitled to a run.

Jack Pot, Ft. Sheridan, Ill.—In playing straights in draw poker does ace, deuce, trey, four and five beat king, queen, jack, ten and nine? Will any straight flush beat four. I want to purchase the best printed authority on draw poker.....1. No. 2. Yes. 3. Black-bridge's Complete Poker Player is the best authority.

H. B. K., Philadelphia, Pa.—Three weeks before election B and M make a bet of \$5 on a certain majority for mayor, put up \$1 as a forfeit, and agree to put up the balance on the evening before the election. Neither put up any of the balance. M wins the bet, what amount can he claim?.....He is entitled to all he can get.

Cost. F. S., —Does a person count or score one point for the last card in cribbage when it makes 31? Or when a person pairs with the last card and makes 31, does he score two or three points?.....If the last play counts 31 he gets 2 for it, and nothing more. If he pairs and counts 31, he gets 4—two for the pair and two for 31.

C. R. F., Oswego.—In Pedro, A and B are both 20 in a game of 21 points; A bids 1, B bids 2; B bids and plays the ace; A plays the low and calls the game. B could have made his 2 in counting his game, but we want to know if low would put A out?.....High counts first, and B is out. If B had been 19 instead of 20, the low would have put A out.

W. M. C., Hallowell.—Did champion Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons ever box. Why don't President Cleveland give us free coinage of silver. Is Robert Ford, the assassin of Jesse James, dead. How much is Corbett worth. When is the match coming off between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Has Corbett got any children?.....1. No. 2. Better ask President Cleveland, we do not employ mind readers. 3. Not that we know of. 4. Corbett's wealth is something that concerns nobody but himself. 5. No date has been fixed. 6. No.

Frank Brierly, the Irish Bantam, sailed for home last week.

Sam Collier, the veteran lightweight, is now working in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Australian Billy Murphy claims that he was dozed for his fight with Kid Hogan.

Geo. B. Catlin has succeeded to the sporting editorship of the *Detroit Evening News*.

Dan Creedon and Tom Tracy, the Australian boxers, have decided not to go to England.

Slavin is now the favorite in the betting in his coming match with the "Coffee Cooler."

The Kentucky Rosebud and Jack Downey of Brooklyn, will box in Paterson, N. J., March 11.

Mick Dunn, the Australian middleweight, has become disgusted with America, and is going home.

Corbett has received an offer to go to Australia and has signified his willingness to go to that country.

Capt. Glori and Fitzsimmons will part company on April 15. The captain is very sore on the Antipodean.

O'Donnell has shown great gameness, Corbett declares, in his recent bouts with him in St. Paul and Philadelphia.

"Muldoo's Pickeninny" and "Young Starlight" signed to box 15 rounds at the Charlesbank Athletic Club, March 13.

Cyclist Zimmerman, who became a professional two years ago, is now very anxious to get back into the amateur ranks.

"Fedar" Palmer, one of the crack bantams of England, is coming to America, and he will make his future home in this country.

Dick O'Brien and Bobby Dobbs will probably be matched to meet in Boston. The true worth of Dobbs will be shown on this occasion.

Jack Dana, the New Zealand wonder, will meet Bill Johnson, colored, of New York, at Laurel Hill, L. I., on Monday evening, March 18.

Stanton Abbott, the English lightweight who is one of the worst boxers that ever came to this country, is going home with lots of American money.

Prof. Lucien Marc Christol, the ex-champion wrestler, is now located in Salt Lake City and is conducting an athletic club and gymnasium there.

Minerva, the champion strong woman challenges the world in a lifting competition for \$1,000 a side and the Richard K. Fox strong woman's belt.

It begins to look as if these crack little bantams, Jimmy Barry of Chicago, and Kid Madden of New York, will come together, in one of the New York clubs.

England has soured on Peter Jackson. The refusal of the ebony-hued Australian to meet the English idol, Charley Mitchell, has lowered Jackson's stock to zero.

Geo. Le Blanche, the Marine, and Geo. Glover, are associated together in a boxing academy in Montreal. Le Blanche writes that fistic spirit is flourishing there.

Johnny Griffin declined the offer of the New York Athletic Club to box champion George Dixon six rounds, because the purse was too small and the time too short.

A Southern sporting man has sent word to Jack McAuliffe that he would back him against Griffs, in a finish contest, if Griffs should beat Horace Leeds and Jimmy Dime.

Mike Leonard, who has become fascinated with the West, especially Cincinnati, expects to take another trip to Porkopolis next week. Mike has had the promise of a match with a good lightweight of that town.

Steve O'Donnell has been engaged to meet Jake Kilrain at the Suffolk Club, March 18, to take the place of Peter Maher whose engagement the club cancelled because of his recent fake fight with Jim Hall.

Matchmaker Kennedy of the Seaside Club will take some action on Walcott's offer to meet any two lightweights in 10 round bouts the same night. Kennedy will try to arrange to have Lavigne and Griffs meet Walcott.

Connie Sullivan, who demolished what little reputation Tom Cooney possessed by defeating the latter before the New York A. C., will in the future be managed by Johnny White. White will match Sullivan against any bantam breathing for a limited number of rounds.

Fred Johnson, the ex champion featherweight of England, will meet Frank Erne, the Buffalo boxer, on his arrival in England, and make an engagement to box him for a purse and stake. It is doubtful if Johnson can get a cent of backing now. He had a hard time getting money when he was champion.

Charley Mitchell, with his usual shrewdness, is making hay while the sun shines. What with his recent fling at Chynski, his challenge of Jackson and his boast about challenging the winner of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons battle, the wily Englishman is raking in the sovereigns from the music hall patrons of the provinces.

The match between Arthur Valentine and Jack Perry is on the tapis. If Valentine wins he will come directly to America and make a match with Kid Lavigne, to take place at the Seaside Club. Rob Kirby, the prominent sporting man of London and the leading promoter of the sport in that country, will come across with Valentine.

Louis Kohus, of Addyston, O., can boast of owning one of the best ratters that has been heard from in several years. Tramp, as his canine is called, scored a remarkable record recently and the announcement has brought about another match with Zip, who is the property of Col. Huff, of Louisville, Ky. The conditions of the match call for \$300 a side, and the one that kills twenty-five rats in the shortest time owner is to take the pot.

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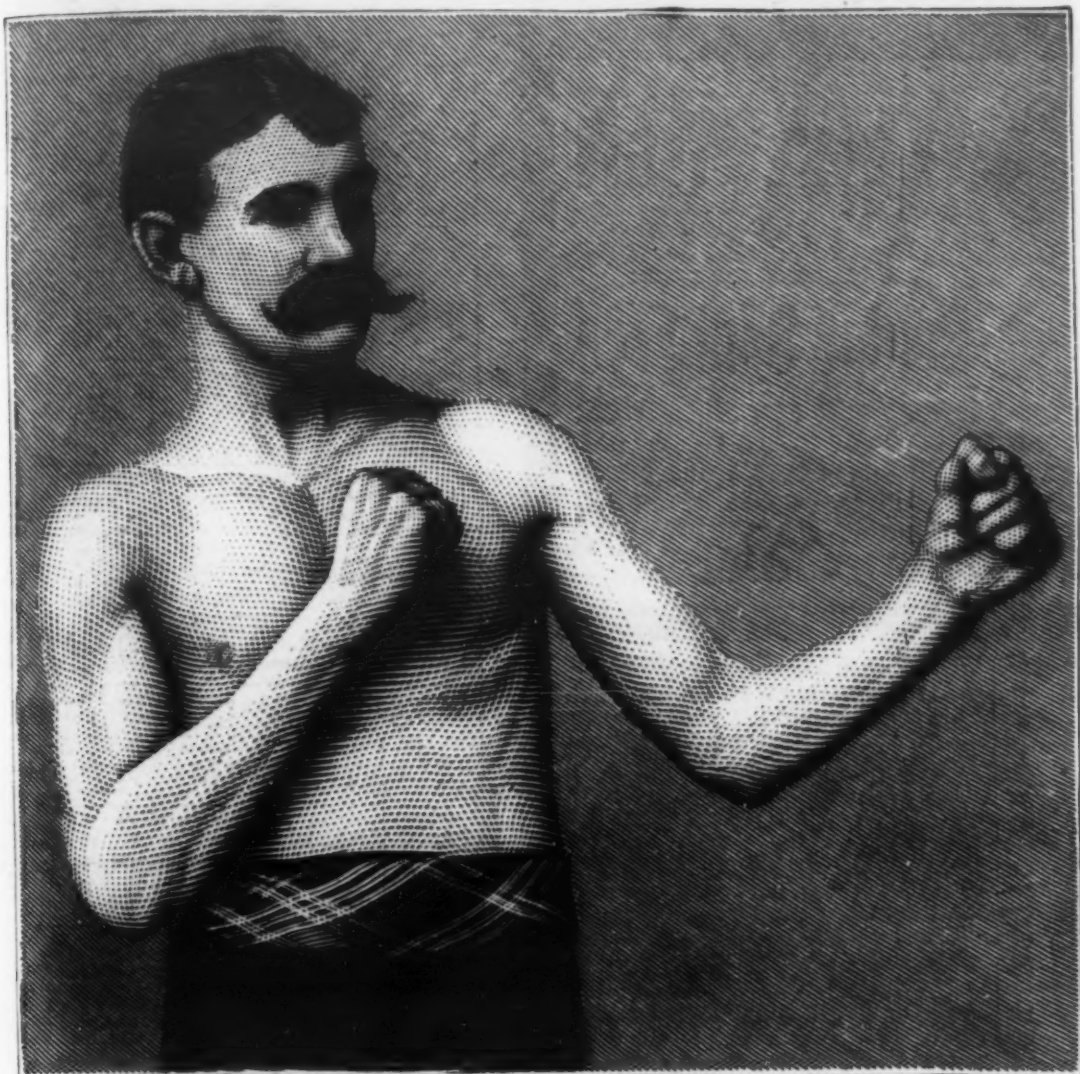
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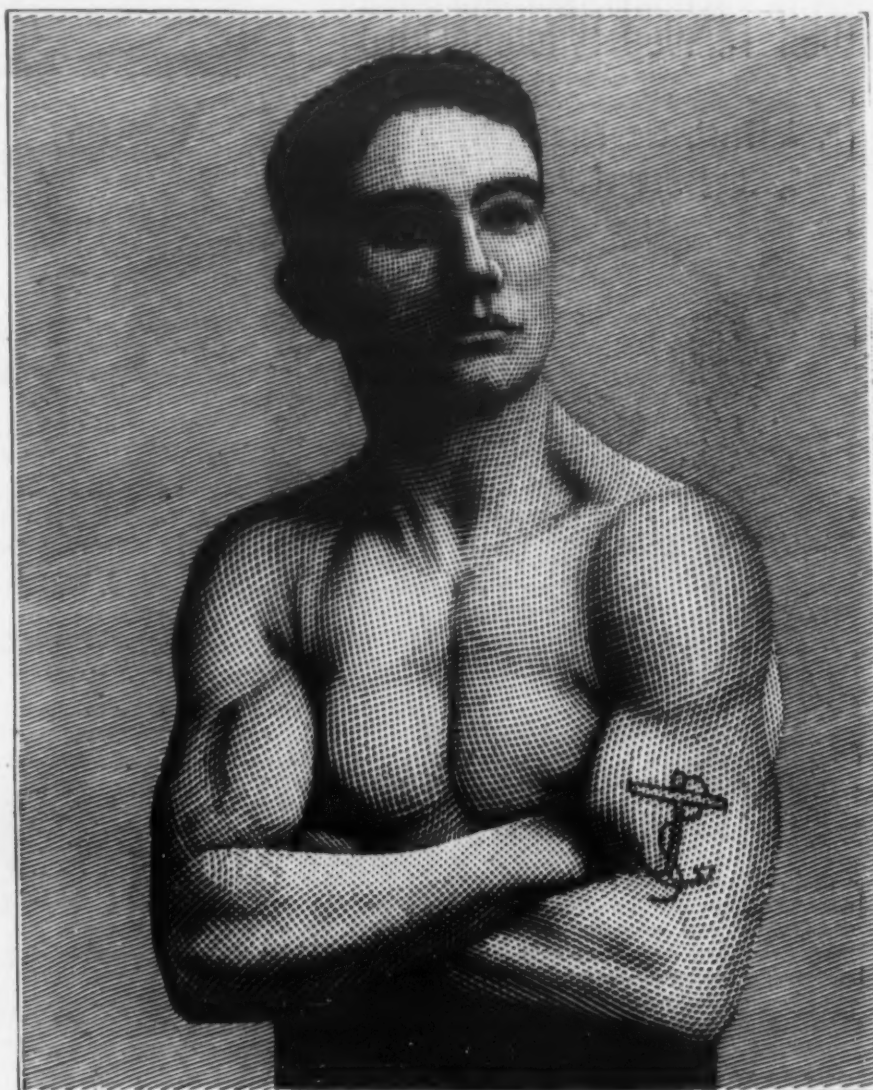
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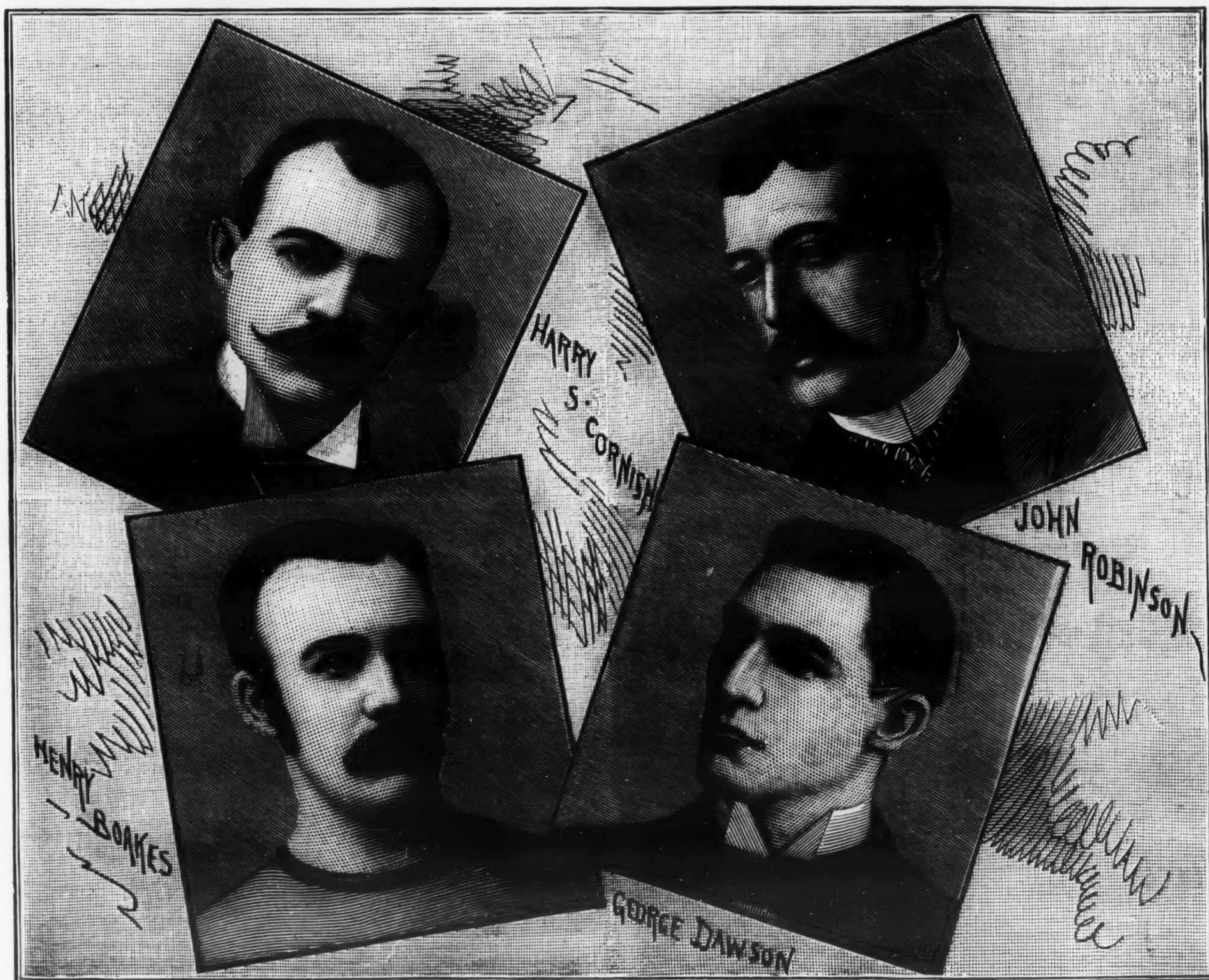
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JACK FITZPATRICK.

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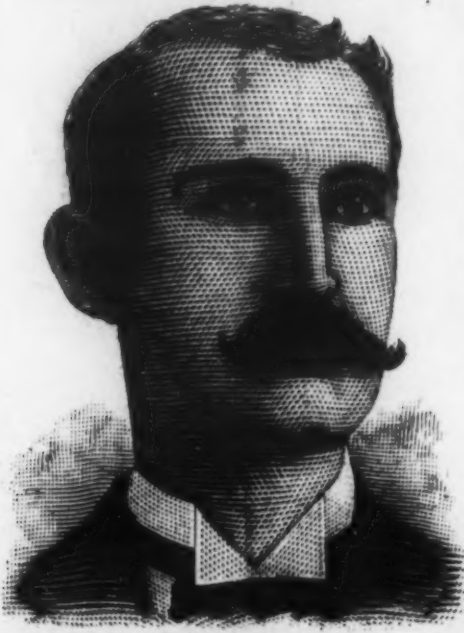


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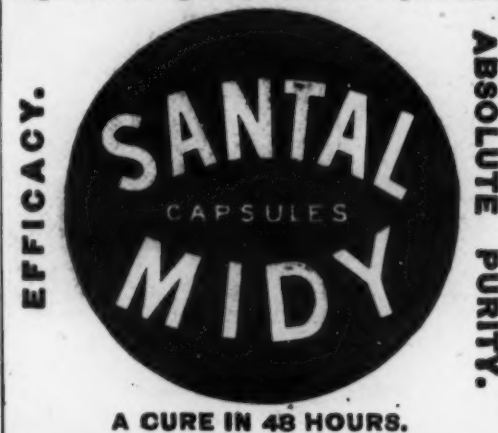
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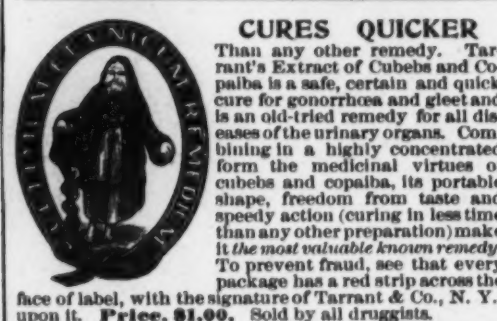
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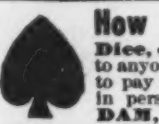
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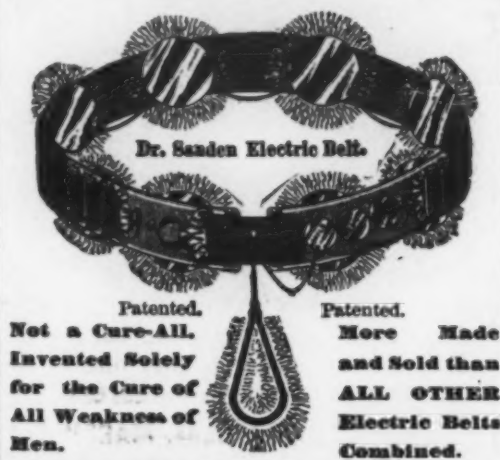
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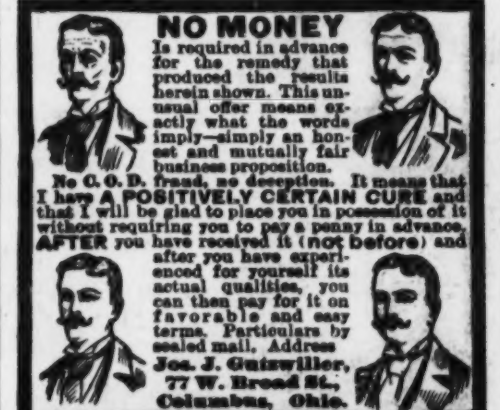
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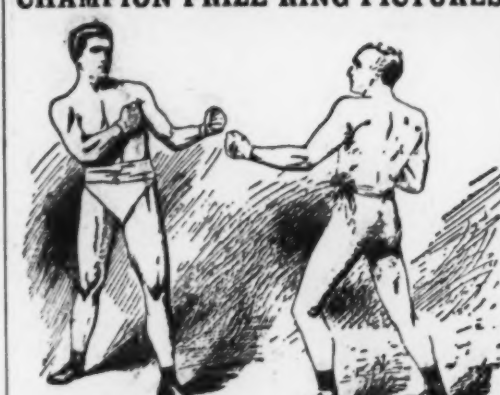
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